# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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*"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."*

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## POETRY.

### Little Brother's Gone.

Oh bring my brother back to me,
I cannot play alone,
The Spring has come with flower and bee,
Where has my brother gone.

I loved him, oh! I loved him so,
We played so nice together;
He went away one day, I know,
In the cold and wintry weather.

Oh, mother, bring him back to me,
The Spring has come so lovely.
He must my little garden see,
I know he must be lonely.

You say he is an angel now—
But, don't he want his toys;
Can't he play with them up there
With other little boys.

You only answer me with tears—
Oh, put these things away;
Some day I'll, take them all to him,
Dear mother, say I may. M. A. C.

## STORY TELLER.

### THE FACT OF THE MATTER.

"That will never do, Miss Josie. Your work does not improve much, I observe," said a chunky individual with a sleek, coppery head, a sombre visage, and a marvelous cravat.

We had just entered the long work-room, and he was critically examining an elaborately braided jersey, completed at the moment.

"Is there something wrong with the braiding?" asked Josie, an uncommonly pretty girl, with large brown eyes and a delicate lily face.

"The braid does not follow the lines of the pattern, and you are using thread much too coarse," the chunky young man said, as he still inspected the work, and still with the air of an experienced authority.

"You instructed me yourself, Mr. Hunt, to use none other than that particular thread," Josie said with spirit, but not uncivilly.

"I think not, Miss Josie. Very likely you have forgotten what my instructions really were. The fact of the matter is, our manufactory is not quite the place for you. I am not blaming you, Miss Josie; you are willing, no doubt, but you are not strong enough for such unremitting labor; and you cannot help being remiss when you are weary and worried," Mr. Hunt returned in his slow, sleek, insinuating fashion.

The girl lifted her tired, pale face, and for an instant she attentively regarded him.

Certainly he was not eminently prepossessing, with his chunky frame, his shambling gait, his dull and shifting eyes. She had never felt the smallest liking for him; she hated the sound of his grandiloquent and unnaturally smooth tones; she detested the sight of his bloodless and Ishmaelitish visage.

She did not know precisely how much authority he really had in the manufactory; he was always shambling and prying about the building when the superintendent chanced away, and she had decided that he must be a moneyed member of the new firm. He did not come infrequently to that department, and he always came with the air of a master—with an air of superior discrimination and absolute authority which was obviously meant to be very impressive.

"I try not to be remiss at all," Josie said somewhat impatiently and with a prompt motion to change the spools of her braiding machine.

He moved a little more nearer to her side; he bent so closely over her that his bloodless visage almost touched her brown, pretty head.

"We are sure of that, Miss Josie," he said in a smooth whisper close to her dainty ear. "You try to do everything that is correct and agreeable! But the fact of the matter is you are too delicate and sensitive for our coarse and noisy factory. But you know I am ready to take you away—you know I am ready to make you my wife."

With that extraordinary declaration he stepped back, seemed profoundly occupied with the animadverted Jersey, and awaited her response.

But the girl looked neither flattered nor conciliatory; her spirited face crimsoned and whitened again; her large eyes blazed like flames.

"You would do me too much honor," she said with an unmistakable undertone of contempt somewhere in her civil voice.

"The fact of the matter is you cannot afford to refuse me," he pursued, with the suggestion of a threat in his sombre, shifting eyes. "You are so incompetent, you know, that your work is not valuable to us. We—"

She interrupted him by a gesture of ineffable scorn.

"I can maintain myself—and elsewhere," said she, abruptly putting down her spools, and hastily arising from her seat.

"O, just as you please! We can easily obtain somebody for your place, you know. You can come to the office for the trifle due you," the interesting young gentleman said with a change of aspect and with his most insolently autocratic air.

As he shambled away, she became conscious of another presence—the presence of a stalwart and plainly dressed young fellow, who occasionally came there and who always had a genial smile or a bit of courteous commendation for the pale little braider.

There he stood, beside a great square column, his hands full of orders, his pen thrust behind his natty cloth cap, his steady blue eyes fixed somewhat knowingly upon her agitated countenance.

The knowing look did not lessen her agitation; she felt he had witnessed the whole little scene and that perhaps he might not pleasantly judge her. And, after all, perhaps she need not have been so precipitate—perhaps she need not have felt so affronted just because a detestably caviling and domineering individual had criticised her braiding and then wanted to marry her?

"I need not have left the factory; Alf. Kamaron will consider me silly for that—I am certain he will," she sighed as she glanced after stalwart young fellow, who just then moved from the column and went toward a busier division of the department.

Josie did not go in quest of the trifle due her. She donned her neat hat and trim jacket and went straightway from the big and noisy building, where she had been employed only since the beginning of the season.

The early dusk was already darkening in the snowy Winter street, and the tall lamps, like huge orange sparks, glimmered along the pavements. Again she sighed ruefully. She was going home sorrowfully and alone, as she had never done since she had known Alf Kamaron—the always plainly dressed and always genial Alf, whose gentle courtesy had brightened and gladdened her monotonous life and irksome labor.

"He will be sorry I have gone—I am certain he will," she thought.

And at the instant the steady and familiar footstep sounded behind her, and the vigorous and plainly dressed figure was beside her.

"What was the trouble?" he inquired in his gentle and direct way. "Did that Hunt make himself offensive?"

"He has never made himself anything else," said Joise, ready to cry.

And then with girlish diffidence, and in a pathetically deprecatory way, she narrated what he had already sufficiently comprehended.

"You are a brave litttle working girl," Mr. Kamaron commented with a peculiar smile. "You would never profess to honor a person you deem despicable—not even if a bit of deceit might be an advantage to you."

"But I should always like to honor an employer," she ingenuously replied, as she paused before the entrance of her own home.

"Your employer!" Mr. Kamaron repeated, with a peculiar little laugh, as he held her hand for a second and then reluctantly let her go. "Well, you may learn to honor him, Josie. And you are to come back to the shop in the morning—I am authorized to assure you of that."

Josie fancied he looked oddly amused and provokingly mysterious, but she ventured no questions. She was gratified to feel that she was really going back to the noisy old shop and to the pleasant companionship of the considerate young fellow who was always so merry and gentle, and who wore his unpretentious working garb with such royal dignity and kingly grace.

And so she went back to the factory—but not to resume the irksome braiding.

Half-way down the work-room she was confronted by a chunky personage, resplendent with a gorgeous cravat, a wonderful pin and a conspicuously immense watch-guard.

"We have filled your place," Mr. Hunt grandiloquently announced, with his shifting eyes wandering to everything except the attentive face before him. "The fact of the matter is we want only skilled labor. We cannot afford to keep working-women who spoil our goods and who are prone to a most reprehensible insubordination."

"And the fact of the matter is," began the quiet voice of Mr. Kamaron, who had suddenly become visible, his hands full of papers, the familiar pen thurst beneath the natty cloth cap—"the whole fact is, that you have no authority whatever here. When our superintendent wishes a holiday henceforth, he must employ a less presumptuous substitute. We have had quite enough of your officious instructions and unauthorized ordering. We do not want *you* in the building, sir! Is that sufficient?"

The substitute superintendent shambled backward, and so obsequiously that the irreverent Josie actually and unblushingly laughed, despite her sore bewilderment.

And Mr. Kamaron, noting the troubled and bewildered look, smiled only roguishly.

"Your mistake was not so singular, though," he explained. "The name of the firm has not yet been altered, although the firm itself was dissolved some time ago. I happen myself to be the proprietor and master here, Miss Josie, and you can resume work whenever you like."

But Josie was not destined to resume the tedious braiding. As she turned toward her old place, he rather hesitatingly detained her.

"Josie," he began, with tenderest deference, "can you not honor your employer sufficiently to give your sweet self all to him, to become the mistress of his home, the sovereign of his heart?

Her answer was not audible; but, all the same, he knew her innocent, girlish heart was entirely his own. Master or workman, rich or poor, she loved and honored him.

"And that was the fact of the matter," he used to mischievously remind her when she had become his proud and joyous wife.

### Life.

What is life?—a rapid str eam
Rolling onward to the ocean.
What is life?—a troubled dream,
Full of incident and motion.
What is life?—the arrow's flight,
That mocks the keenest gazer's eye.
What is life?—a gleam of light,
Darting through a stormy sky.

—*Anon.*

Those that think that life is all gloom or all sunshine, are wrong. Everyone has plenty of sunshine in his life and plenty of gloomy days, too. It depends pretty much on the individual himself whether his life be pleasant or gloomy. Mark Tapley, one of the characteristics in Dickens' Martin Chuzzlewit, determined to be cheerful, or as he termed it, "jolly" under all circumstances. He deliberately went to work searching out the worst places he could find in order to put himself to the test, and when, as every one supposed, at the last gasp with chills and fever in a malarious swamp miscalled "Eden," on being asked how he felt, mustered all his breath in order to whisper "jolly." The above is an extreme case, of course, but Tapley is not a bad example to follow. Life is too short to be spent in groaning over bad luck. Besides, if we look bad fortune full in the face with the determination to conquer it, we will be apt to succeed. There is nothing like determination—it conquers nearly all difficulties. Of course, it is necessary to view everything from all sides—the bright and the dark—for if we only look on the bright side and disregard the difficulties we will be apt to be defeated, but to give up because we meet with checks, is downright cowardice.

A good way to make our lives happy, is to try to make others happy. Every one can make another happy, no matter how poor and humble he may be. It is not huge volumes of water that make the ocean—each little drop contributes its share, and all taken together makes up a mighty whole. The same is true of human beings—each contributes his share to make or mar the happiness of others. And it does not cease at death either. The influence of some men is felt long after their death, and very often they are humble men, too. Over a hundred years ago, a poor cobbler in England noticed how neglected the children of the poor were—how they were allowed to grow up in ignorance and vice, and so encouraged to fill the prisons with criminals. He was alone and poor, but he determined to do what he could to save them from the prison and the gallows, and make useful respected men of them. He started a school in his shop and taught the poor boys while he was earning his own daily bread mending shoes. By and by, some wealthy men heard of his efforts and took hold, and now "the ragged schools," as they are called, are scattered all over England and doing worlds of good, and all the honor is due to a poor humble cobbler. Do you not think he was happy when he thought how many boys he had saved from becoming thieves? Just imagine what would have been the result if he had seen the evil, but had made no effort to remedy it owing to his own poverty. It would have made him one of the most unhappy men alive.

Difficulties will meet us all through life, but we should never yield to them. When Robert Bruce determined to free Scotland from the tyranny of Edward I. of England, he was often defeated and forced to fly for his life. Once, during the darkest period of his life, he lay in a barn brooding over his misfortunes. He noticed a spider trying to make a web from one beam to another. Seven times the spider tried and failed, but on the next trial was successful. Bruce took a lesson from the spider, and the consequence was that Scotland became a free country.

EDGAR RAVENSWOOD.

### Adding to the Stature.

"You can't always tell a man's height when he has his clothes on, said the sergeant. "Why, there's S—. He looks like a man of no more than medium build, but his limbs and chest are extraordinarily well developed, and he weighs more, and is of bigger proportions than several other men I know whose uniforms make them seem as big as he is. Talking about him reminds me of how I got him on the Force by stretching him in length three-quarters of an inch. That sounds queer, but it is a fact, nevertheless. It was at the time of the Metropolitan police, and he wanted to get on. He went to New York, and I went with him. He got through all right until he came to height, and he fell below the standard three-quarters of an inch. I felt very downcast about it, for he was a friend of mine, and I was very anxious that he should get on the Force. A physician with wom I was acquainted happened to be there at the time, and he asked me if I was interested in the man who had failed to reach the height standard. I told him I was. 'Well,' he said, 'you can remedy that. Take your man to some hotel near here, give him a warm bath, then put him to bed. Make him stay in bed until to-morrow morning, about an hour before the time for him to be measured again, and tell him to sleep all the time if he can. If he does this, he will be three-quarters of an inch taller, and come up to the standard.' I didn't know what to think of the suggestion. My medical friend was not given to joking, but I thought he had begun. However, I was anxious that man should get on the Force, and was willing to try anything. I told him what the physician had said, and he agreed to it. The next morning he appeared, and when he was measured he not only came up to the standard, but was a little above it. We were both as much surprised as gratified, and when I told the doctor about it, he said: 'Well, I told you so.' Then I was curious to know how it was that such a thing could be done, and asked him. He said: 'Every one of the numerous joints in the human frame is supplied with a natural oil. When a man has walked a good deal, or gone through much exertion of any kind in a day, the oil is used up, and the joints come close together. The difference this would make, if there was but a single joint, would be but very little; but since there are so many, it reduces the height in some cases as much as an inch at the end of a day's work. Let a man take a warm bath, and a long restful sleep, and the joints will be resupplied with oil, and the consequence is that he will be taller.' You may not all believe this, but it is a fact."

Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop is a daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne, and is par consequence a sister of Julian Hawthorne. One might almost divine from looking at Mrs. Lathrop that her name was Rose. She has the loveliest complexion, with a fleeting wild rose tint in her cheeks, eyes of forget me not blue, the reddest lips and whitest teeth imaginable, above and crowning all is a profusion of reddish-gold hair that is singularly attractive. Mrs. Lathrop is the wife of George Parsons Lathrop, and writes most delightfully herself.

### Multum in Parvo.

George Bancroft, the historian, is the senior living doctor of laws of Harvard College.

James Payne, the English novelist, is said to be strikingly like Talmage in personal appearance.

Wilkie Collins is not a very rapid worker, and seldom writes more than ten pages of manuscript a day.

The New York *World* was originally started as a daily religious paper, under the editorial charge of J. Watson Webb.

John Ruskin is of slight build, with gentle blue eyes and modest in manner, but a brilliant and charming conversationalist.

Whittier has been much pestered by women. One wealthy widow actually proposed to him, and other women have made violent love to him without avail.

Miss Mary A. F. Robinson, whose "Life of Emily Bronte" which attracted wide attention, is described as a slender, delicate young girl of passionate enthusiasms.

Thurlow Weed never made a dollar until after he was fifty. Horace Greeley was poor as a church mouse until about the same age—or until after the *Tribune* became a success.

Oliver Wendell Holmes is as ready to pop up at a dinner and read his poem on the occasion as he was thirty years ago. And the poems have grown rather longer as the years roll on.

Theodore Tilton's once fair brown locks now hang over his shoulders in ragged tangles of gray, his eyes look heavy and jaded, and there are deep wrinkles all over his face. Morever, he is growing fat and common place looking.

Whistler, the London artist who has become famous through his "nocturnes" and "symphonies" in color, is an American by birth, and the quiet, rocky old town of Stonington in Connecticut can claim the honor of being his birthplace.

"Daniel Webster is not loquacious," Carlyle wrote to Emerson in 1839, "but he is pertinent, conclusive; a dignified, perfectly-bred man. As a logic fencer, advocate, or parliamentary Hercules one would incline to back him at first sight against all the extant world."

Before her novel "Granville de Vigne" was written, Ouida was an unknown writer, getting five dollars a page only for her magazine stories. She now receives seven thousand dollars down for a novel. Her name is Louise de La Ramee. Her father was a Frenchman. She lives in a villa near Florence.

London binders often got orders to fill library shelves by the running yard. To do this cheaply they bind up patent-office reports in handsome covers and back them with such titles as "Macaulay's Essays," "Walpole's Letters," which are subsequently put in bookcases, the keys of which are conveniently lost.

H. R. Haweis tells the following anecdote of John Richard Green: He was full of quick discernment, and I remember one night his reading out some passages of Swinburne's then new book of 'Poems and Ballads,' selected by the Athenæum for scathing ridicule, and saying. 'This is the greatest master of poetical language since Shelley, but he can't think.'"

A comical incident is related of an eminent English nobleman who was presiding at a press dinner. He concluded his few feeble remarks by proposing the "health of Gutenberg." Some one pulled his coat-tails and whispered that he was dead. "I regret," continued the nobleman, "to announce that intelligence has just been received that Gutenberg is dead."

A lady with a fatal squint came once to a fashionable artist for her portrait. He looked at her and she looked at him, and both were embarrassed. He spoke first: "Would your ladyship permit me," he said, "to take the portrait in profile? There is a certain shyness about one of your ladyship's eyes which is as difficult in art as it is fascinating in nature."

Oliver Wendell Holmes attributes his years and good health to an early morning walk or horseback ride before breakfast. He was naturally of a delicate constitution, and when he married Dr. Jackson's daughter the father-in-law said to him: "If you have the necessary physique to stand horseback riding, do it; if not take an early walk each day." He scrupulously followed the advice.

A gossipy writer in the Troy Press says of Bret Harte's father, whom he met years ago, when he was a private tutor of two of his playmates: "I remembered him well—a very pleasant gentleman. He married a girl out of the mill. She was one of the most beautiful girls I ever saw—as handsome as a doll but had no education. Her husband educated her, and she became one of the finest ladies in Hudson."

The publishers of a German novel recently did a neat thing in the way of advertising. They caused to be inserted in most of the newspapers a notice to the effect that a certain nobleman of wealth and high position, desirous of finding a wife, wanted one who resembled the heroine in the novel named. Thereupon every marriageable woman who saw the notice bought the book in order to see what the heroine was like, and the work had an immense sale.

Charles Dudley Warner, as an instance of what is regarded as successful authorship, cites the history of a bookmaking venture undertaken at the request of the publishers. This he paid away for obtaining information from original sources in England and for the expenses for copying. When he received a statement from the publishers he found that he owed the latter some dollars on the original hundred.

### Circumstantial Evidence Extraordinary.

The French papers have been full of a case which junior members of the criminal bar would do well to take a note of. A woman was put on her trial for strangling her baby, and at the preliminary examination she confessed her crime. At the trial medical evidence was heard, and the doctor told the Judge he did not believe the woman was the culprit. The finger marks were fresh on the victim's throat when he made his examination, and the marks were singular. He examined the woman's hands and found her fingers long, slender and well-shaped, but the marks were of a short-fingered hand, stumpy and misshapen, and one of the fingers—the first—was abnormally short. On this the prisoner burst into tears, said she was fond of the child, had not destroyed it, and mentioned in her excitement the real culprit. He was a man of a better class of life, with whom she had lived as domestic servant. His arrest followed, and the doctor pointed out that the prisoner's hands were formed as he had described, and, moreover, that the first finger was without a nail and almost deficient of a joint. On this evidence the jury convicted. The case is interesting, first as showing—what our own books also afford illustration of—that a prisoner, though innocent, may confess guilt, and secondly that circumstantial evidence may be almost absolutely conclusive.

### The strongest man in Nevada.

There is a man in Nevada named Angela Cardelia who claims to be the strongest man in the world. He is an Italian, aged 38, and stands five feet ten inches, weighing 158 pounds. His strength was born with him, for he had no athletic training. He differs from other men chiefly in the osseous structure. Although not of unusual size, his spinal column is much beyond the ordinary width, and his bones and joints are made on a similarly large and generous scale. He has lifted a man of 290 pounds with the middle finger of his right hand. The man stood with one foot on the floor, his arms outstretched, his hands grasped by two persons to balance his body. Cardelia then stooped and placed the third finger of his right hand under the man's foot, and with scarcely any perceptible effort raised him to the height of four feet and deposited him on a table near at hand. Once two powerful men waylaid Cardelia with intent to thrash him, but he seized one in each hand, hammered them together until life was nearly knocked out of them. His strength was inherited, for he says his father was more powerful than himself.—*Boston Post.*

The island of Arran, off the west coast of Scotland, is said to be so mild that palms and camelias thrive in the open air, without injury, in winter, although the latitude is that of the northern part of Labrador, on the continent.

### The Best Food for Horses.

Horses have small stomachs, and although they can subsist well upon grass, yet it is difficult for them to eat enough hay to keep them in the best condition, because it is not so easily digestible nor so nutritious as fresh young grass. They may look plump, and may even be fat, but fat gives no strength, and is wholly deceptive as to condition of health and strength. Hay is not a complete food, as it does not furnish the requisite proteine for the production of flesh and the restoration of the waste of nitrogenous matter from the system by every muscular movement. The majority of farmers, and especially of lumbermen, freighters and others, whose horses work hard, favor the use of corn and oats, or corn and rye, finely ground, and fed with cut hay in only sufficient quantity to fill the stomach. The usual ration of the street car horses, whose work is the hardest and most tiresome of any, is 5 pounds of cut hay and 8 pounds of mixed corn and oats ground given three times a day. The writer's practice has been to given the same ration of hay with 4 pounds of the mixed ground feed during the winter, and in the summer the same twice a day, with 8 pounds of oats at noon.—*New York Times.*

### Paid in Full.

An advertisement was published recently which said that if General T. W. Conway would call at the Astor house and inquire for a gentleman of the same name he could learn something to his advantage. The general was uptown last night and I asked him if he had noticed the advertisement. 'Indeed yes,' he replied, and the incident with which it is connected is one of the happiest of my life. It is an evidence, too, that men are not always ungrateful for favors done them in time of need. The advertiser is an ex-Confederate officer. At the close of the war, in April, 1865, I was in Montgomery stopping at a hotel. This gentleman came to me because he had seen my signature on the register and because our family names were alike. He explained to me that he was stranded there with his wife and daughter. They were people of evident refinement and character. He had been in Johnston's army and was trying to get to Arkansas, where he had formerly lived. They were out of money and he appealed to me to help him. I loaned him $200. It was one of those things that a man does spontaneously without expecting a return of any kind. The years have rolled around without bringing us together until his recent visit to New York. I had almost forgotten the incident. But the fact that he paid me the money with interest to date is pretty convincing proof of the tenacity of his memory. It gives a man renewed faith in human nature to have such things occur.

### Bits of Philosophy.

Man's life is what he makes it: As bright and beautiful as the golden sunset, or as dark and gloomy as the thunder cloud and, in his face, may be read life's whole story.

We are dead to the past, which was yesterday; and we live only in the present, which is to-day; we are unknown to the future which is only to-morrow; yet we foudly remember the past, suffer on in the present and build castles of great beauty in the future. We are a green set.

Brilliancy in conversation is to the company is what a lighted candle is to a dark room—it lightens the whole of it. But, every now and then some unskillful person, in attempting to clip the wick to make it brighter, snuffs it out.

Dickens wrote: "There is nothing, no, nothing beautiful and good that dies and is forgotten. An infant, a prattling child, dying in its cradle, will live again in the better thoughts of those who loved it, and play its part, though its body be burned to ashes or drowned in the deepest sea. There is not an angel added to the host of Heaven but does its blessed work on earth in those that loved it here. Dead! Oh, if the good deeds of human creatures could be traced to their source, how beautiful could even death appear! for how much charity, mercy and purified affection would be seen to have their growth in dusty graves."

# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL

*NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 29, 1886.*

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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MANY prominent educators of the deaf and dumb express surprise and regret at the announcement that Mr. H. C. Hammond, Superintendent of the Iowa Institution, is to be made the victim of political greed. His retirement from the office of superintendent can be traced to no other cause. The "investigating" committee certainly did not any show just cause for his removal. The only charge which they attempted to prove they inadvertently disproved immediately after. Without so much as a murmur concerning the progress of the pupils, which it is tacitly admitted has been good, the "investigating" commit tee seems to have concentred all its efforts into one long and loud howl of "insufficient economy." When it is considered that this same committee reported a recommendation to the Legislature that $1,000 was needed for new furniture, the question naturally suggests itself, What is the Iowa definition of the word *Economy*? During the biennial term, as will be seen by a reference to the Institution Report, nearly $3,000 has been saved out of the running expense funds. The Iowa Institution has steadily progressed under the Hammond *regime*. The Superintendent and Trustees have been in harmony, and everything was pointing to a still more successful future. Shall such a favorable outlook for the deaf-mutes of Iowa be marred by the doings of a few men who do not appear to properly understand the real mission of an educational Institution? We hope not. All who wish for the true progress of Iowa and Iowa Institutions should appreciate a good thing when they have got it, and stick to Mr. Hammond, practising towards him the same good faith and interest that he has so ably practised towards the Institution over which he presides.

A DAILY paper of this city had, in its issue of April 15th, an item stating that a deaf mute, named "Don Chischolm," had been waylaid and robbed by footpads. He was represented as a collector for an "uptown deaf and dumb asylum," and the money taken from him was the amount of a day's canvass among benevolent people of this city. Three young men were arrested on suspicion and released on each promptly giving $2,000 bail. Their trial is set down for May 5th, in the Court of General Sessions. "Don Chischolm" has been subpœnaed, and is expected to be present and give evidence against the alleged robbers, whom he is said to have identified at the time of their arrest. But when the case is brought before the judge who presides on Wednesday next, we predict that "Don Chischolm" will not be found. In fact, he has already skipped, and the subpœna with which he was served is in the hands of William Teed, who also is summoned to appear in court on the day set down for the trial.

In connection with the above, we wish to correct the published statement that "Chischolm" is employed as a collector for an "uptown deaf and dumb asylum." The educational institutes for deaf and dumb located in this city derive their support from the State, according to the number of pupils taught, and it is never necessary to solicit contributions directly from the people. All persons who represent themselves as agents employed to collect money for any deaf-mute school in this State, may be set down as impostors. "Don Chischolm" has become notorious throughout several states for his swindling operations. He has "beaten" hotel keepers without number, and lived solely upon the charity-giving public for several years. He pretends to collect money for the St. John, N. B., School; but we are informed that he has never forwarded the amounts collected. William Teed, who seems to have some intimate connection with "Chischolm," also asserts that he is a *bona fide* collector appointed by Principal Abell, of the St. John School for Deaf-Mutes. Teed wears a nickle-plated badge to show that he is an "authorized agent." The Principal of the St. John Institution is Mr. A. H. Abell. He has been invited to enlighten the public concerning these "agents" more than once. We will send him a marked copy of this issue, and request that he give the public a full explanation through the JOURNAL. We wish to know how many of the "agents" have been faithful, and how many have been false. Mr. Abell is responsible for the misdeeds of his agents, more especially so if he knows they are swindling the public and yet does not warn the public against them.

IN noticing the publication of the *Taubstummen Courier*, of Vienna, Austria, me gave the name of "Mr. Schoenfeld" instead of Mr. Jonas Haas. Persons writing for the paper will please observe this correction.

### A Father's Self-Sacrifice.

*(From the Deseret News.)*

In a southern settement of Utah, an Englishman of education had laid a foundation for a home and moderate competence after years of toil and industry, in which his own wife assisted him with faithful perseverance. Among their large family, there were two boys, aged respectively six and eight years, who were stricken by the hand of Providence with one of the saddest losses which could befall a human being unless it were relieved by an education—the loss of hearing. The fond parents looked with pity on their speechless children and sighed to think of their helpless condition in life. The tears sprang to their eyes whenever they thought of their want of an education, which aloue could open the way for communication between the parents and children, whose very misfortune but served to render them still dearer to the auchors of their being.

Not only would an education be a benefit to them, mentally and morally, but it would also train them to habits of industry, so that, when grown up, they could be independent and self-supporting, for such is the power of intelligence over the mind in that direction.

Moved by these reflections, the father resolved to make a sacrifice of his little property and go where his deaf and dumb children could get their education. Hearing of a school of the kind in Salt Lake City, the devoted father broke up his home and sold his homestead, removing to the Metropolis of the Territory, with his whole family, trusting to find a means of support there. He put his little boys in the Deaf Mute Department of the University, but the want of an institution put it out of his power to make them attend regularly. The little boys would play truant for weeks together, roaming the streets at their own pleasure while the fond father believed they were learning their A B C, at the University. Once he found them on Market Street during school hours and undertook to bring them to school regularly every morning, but being a poor man with a family dependent upon him for support, has been in despair over the situation.

He longs to entrust his boy to the watchful care of an institution while he, himself, sets about the task of supporting his family with a light heart, but this is impossible under the circumstances. It would happen that in stormy weather or when the roads were very bad for pedestrians, he was obliged to keep them at home and at other times, owing to their carelessness out of doors, they would catch a severe cold, or other form of sickness and then their irregularity at school would interfere seriously with their progress.

To make matters worse, the father's little is almost gone, though he has been trying to support himself by doing all sorts of chores. Work is, however, scarce, and with a wife having an infant in her arms, he scarcely knows how to keep the wolf from the door. After having made such a heroic sacrifice for the sake of his two helpless young ones, this is a sad commentary upon the want of an institution for the deaf in Utah, for which, the unhappy state of affairs here is the only excuse, and it is to be sincerely hoped that Congress will generously take steps in behalf of the Territory.

In the meantime, will somebody be kind enough to give the father a place where he can earn his own living and give bread to his family. He will turn his hand to almost anything, and is not afraid of work.

Services in the signs will be held, God willing, on Sunday, May 2d, in All Saint's Church, Providence, at the usual hour. Monday, May 3d, in All Saint's Church, Worcester, Mass., at the usual hour in the evening. There will not be services in Christ Church nor St. Ann's Chapel, Brooklyn, on that Sunday.

# ITEMIZER.

## News From Every State in the Union.

### FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTE. FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer.*

Troy deaf-mutes are talking of giving a picnic at Albia, N. Y.

Mrs. S. M. Lyon is still working in the Albia, N. Y., knitting mill, and is kept busy.

Mr. and Mrs. David D. Fogg, of Swedesboro, Gloucester Co., N. J., were in Woodstown, N. J., on Sunday the 18th.

J. C. Loring, Esq., of Union Mills, Ind., made a pleasant visit with H. W. Whitmore in La Porte, Ind., Saturday and Sunday.—*La Porte, (Ind.,) Argus.*

Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Juhring wish to inform their friends that they are now boarding at 568 Myrtle Avenue with Mrs. John Hegeman, sister of Mrs. Juhring. All who may wish to call are cordially invited to do so.

When Rev. Dr. Gallaudet was in Philadelphia, assisting Rev. Mr. Syle in securing money to build a church for deaf-mutes, Miss Tessie Glenn, on several occasions, was invited to the platform. She signed the hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee." She makes signs gracefully and clearly, and her efforts were highly appreciated.

Deaf-mute ball players in Buffalo vanquished the St Joseph College nine. They played in an inclosed ground to over 500 spectators, who were charged fifteen cents admission. The deaf-mute club is called the Le Conteulx Club. Their battery was Donahue and Hallet. John P Conlon, the umpire of the occasion, was presented with a silver headed cane by the deaf-mute club.

That deaf-mutes are very much scattered, appears from the fact that the dozen attending the services at St. Paul's Church, Kenton, O., on Wednesday, April 14th, came from three to twenty-five miles. The afternoon service was made interesting, by the baptism of three persons, two adult deaf-mutes and an infant child of deaf-mute parents, by the Rev. Mr. Mann. Many hearing people being present at the evening service, the Rev. Mr. Bosley, the rector, read the service orally, Rev. Mr. Mann interpreting.

Three months from to-day the Convention of American Instructors of the deaf and dumb, will begin its session. From the present outlook there will be a large attendance. Somebody writing in an Eastern paper has frightened a good many teachers by an exaggerated statement of the cost of the journey. Now we assert from absolute knowledge that two persons who are willing to share the same berth in a sleeping car, brush their own shoes, and exercise moderation in the matter of eating can come from Omaha to Berkeley, attend the Convention, see San Francisco and Oakland, visit the ocean beach, hear the sea lions roar, take a trip around the Bay and its various fortifications and get back to Omaha, for seventy-five dollars apiece. And we also assert that nowhere else can a man get so much scenery and sight seeing for the same amount of money.—*Daily News, Berkeley, Cal.*

More than twenty years ago, while Dr. Gallaudet of New York was beginning the mission among the Deaf, one of that class, Albert Newsam of Philadelphia, was the foremost lithographic artist in the country. His portraits of Bishop White and other eminent men are highly esteemed. Suddenly he was stricken down with paralysis, and found a home in Wilmington, Delaware, where Dr. Gallaudet visited him, led him to the Saviour, and baptized him. It was a touching scene when he was confirmed in St. Andrew's Church by Bishop Lee, who took a tender interest in him until his decease. Ever since that time, the Deaf Mutes of Delaware have received attention in connection with the mission in Philadelphia, established by Dr. Gallaudet, and now under the charge of Rev. Henry W. Syle. For a long time services have been held in St. Andrew's Church, Wilmington, at least once a month, and visits made in that city and elsewhere. On Sunday evening, April 4th, four Deaf Mutes were confirmed in that church, one being baptized previously. The Bishop's earnest address and the services were interpreted by Mr. Syle, and his written account of the mission was read by the Rev. C. E. Murray, assistant rector. A large and deeply interested congregation was present, including a number of other Deaf Mutes. A church for the Deaf is to be built in Philadelphia as the head-quarters of the Mission, which reaches 2,000 Deaf Mutes in and near that city.—*The Standard of the Cross.*

### Gallaudet Centennial Memorial Fund.

TREASURER'S BULLETIN, No. 25.

KENDALL GREEN, WASHINGTON, D.C., April 17, 1886.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Received from Miss Maggie Ryan, Washington, through A. D. Bryant, | | $2 00 |
| Mrs Nancy Storer, West Appleton, Me., | | 1 00 |
| Fred H. Storer, Washington, | | 25 |
| George W. Steenrod and wife, Wheeling, W Va., | | 20 00 |
| William Haplin, same place, | | 1 00 |
| Total new receipts, | | 24 25 |
| Amount reported last week, | | 147 31 |
| Total in Treasurer's hands, | | 171 56 |
| Other assets already reported, | | 1,980 28 |
| Total assets, | | $2,151 84 |

AMOS G. DRAPER,
*Treasurer.*

### Notice.

The members of the New York Alumni Association, and all who desire to become members are hereby notified that a meeting of said association will be held at St. Ann's Sunday School, on Friday evening, April 30th. All are united.

ALEXANDER L. PACH, *Sec'y.*

# COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

## Camping Out.

### ODDS AND ENDS.

*(From our Washington Correspondent.)*

If you should enter a student's room one of these days you might notice the book-shelf uncommonly crowded. Usually there is a pile of books on the table, but during the Easter holidays they have all been consigned to the shelf. The occupants of the room; too, are away; but if you will imagine yourself in our company for a few days we will try to see what they are doing.

For weeks past, Van Ness, Bryant, the gardener, and others, have been bothered with requests for lanterns, axes, iron rods, and other things that might be found useful when camping out. The tents owned on the Green being insufficient to accommodate all who wished to go, two large ones, twelve by fifteen feet, were hired in this city. On Wednesday morning the barrels were packed with bread, butter, ham, corned beef, eggs, potatoes, molasses, sugar, canned corn, tomatoes, milk, coffee, pots, frying pans, flour, meal; and sundry other things, whose usefulness is best appreciated in camp. Tents and blankets were done up in bundles; and all was placed on a wagon, which, drawn by two horses, set out for Great Falls just after noon. The campers, divested of all unnecessary apparel, soon after started upon their sixteen miles tramp. A short halt was made at Cabin John's inn about half way to the falls; its lemonade was sampled and pronounced good, and then the march was resumed. Before five o'clock the camping ground was reached, and the tents were put up at once. Camp Gallaudet, as the place has been named, seems to have been made for a camp. It has the appearance of a large natural sofa, being a flat surface surrounded on three sides by steep cliffs, and the fourth sloping abruptly down to the road. Beneath it runs the Washington aqueduct, and it is in fact a bridge covered with rocks and earth. It is just large enough for three or four tents, with as many fires, and a large common bonfire. At the bottom of the slope is a spring of excellent water and farther down is a sort of lake, formed by a widening of the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal.

The tents having been pitched, preparations for supper are in order. On unpacking the barrels, it causes merriment to all, except the ducks, to find that the molasses jug of the latter is broken, and its contents distributed among the eggs, potatoes, bread, sugar, etc. Nothwithstanding the supper is cold, except a cup of coffee, Spartan sauce makes it taste very good.

To sleep on the hard ground is not very inviting, and we want some straw or hay. This is not easy to obtain, for farms are scarce in these rocky regions. However, a party sets out for the nearest farm-house, a mile away. "Hay and straw all gone, but you may get some at the house on that hill," is the answer to our inquiry for the price of an armful of straw or hay. The hill is climbed, nothing here, but perhaps farther. A third place is reached with the same result. But as the hay is always half a mile farther away from camp, we give it up, and the first time we must sleep on *terra firma*, with only a blanket or two beneath us. At first, it seems easy enough, but after an hour or two your side is tender, and you turn on the other, that too gets tender, and by two o'clock in the morning, there is not a spot on your body, on which you can rest without wishing to turn over. You get up, build a fire, and amuse yourself as best you can till morning. One young man of the feathered tribe, more asleep than awake, was seen with a lantern, rambling through the woods, as he said, in search of a pair of iron rods on which to support his frying pan. He had seen that the other parties had such rods, and probably thought they were to be found lying around.

Breakfast is ready early, the staple article being pancakes. Then you put a sandwiches in your pocket, and, armed with a fishing outfit, you set out for Great Falls, a mile from the camp. If we can borrow the fisherman's net, (with or without permission, that makes little difference), we may get some minnows; otherwise we have to buy them or use worms. The line is thrown; you wait. Behold a catch! you pull. It must be a large catch for the poles bends, but the fish don't come up. Yes, it is a large catch; it is a log.

There! A splash. Our angler quickly throws his line to the place, and watch eagerly. There! another splash, and the line is quickly on the spot. Our would-be mighty fisherman tells the comrades how he sees the fish leaping around him, but his friends on the rocks above know that it is only the stones, which they throw into the water. Towards evening, he returns to camp with a sun-burnt face, an eel, and an immense fish story, as the result of his days' toil.

His friends who remained at the tents have prepared a good supper. There is considerable rivalry between the parties as to who can cook the best, and the skill displayed by some makes us suspect they have taken lessons in a cooking school.

During the day a lot of spruce and hemlock twigs have been collected and make a soft bed in the tent. The second night, with your shoes for a pillow, you sleep like a log and begin to enjoy your camp life. But what is the pleasure of such life; some may ask? Well that can be felt, but it can not be described on paper. The adventure, the exhilaration of continuous life in the open air, and the voracious appetite which such life produces, makes any one who has experienced it long for it again. Our picture of the fisherman, though often correct, does not always hold; for a good many fish, black bass and other kinds, are caught. Some have guns, and though the place is not particularly noted for game, they can amuse themselves strolling through the woods. The pretty maidens for which the place is justly noted, are given all needful assistance in shutting and opening the canal locks. The scenery is wild and beautiful and as a change from monotonous city life, we can hardly think of anything better.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Prof. Hotchkiss, Prof. Chickering and son, Miss Allen and several others are spending the holidays at Hampton.

Messrs. Merrick and Adams are at home, and Mr. Marr has gone sightseeing in the south.

The second edition of Prof. Gordon's manual alphabet has appeared, and is published by Brentano Bros.

Senator Walthall, of Mississippi, has been appointed director of the Institution, *vice* Jackson resigned.

Mr. Berg has resigned the managership of the Kendalls on account of other pressing engagements, and Mr. Adams has been elected in his place.

Prof. Porter is waging his annual war with the seniors' graduating essays.

Mr. and Mrs. Fogg, of St. Paul, Minn, called at the College this afternoon.

President Gallaudet's family is reunited once more. Miss Kitty came home from Hartford last week, Masters Dennis and Edson are home for Easter, and Mrs. Gallaudet is so much improved that she can stay home hereafter.

Mr. Kerney has a six weeks furlough from the agricultural department, and will go west to visit home and friends.

Mr. Wight's little dog can feel as big as any of his tribe. Mrs. Wight being in Pittsburgh and feeling a little lonesome, Mr. Wight thought to surprise her, and sent "Diamond" to her, in charge of the conductor. A telegram was received concerning his safe arrival.

We can inform your esteemed Wisconsin correspondent that Mr. Palmer, '84, is clerking in Nashville, Tenn. By the way we think we know who the correspondent is, though he does not sign his name. We like the Robin's song, and hope to hear him often.

The professors and students who have bicycles, make use of them to visit the students at Great Falls. All are happy. The weather has been exceptionally fine; every day sunny and not one rainy. Fishing too is better than in former years.

Several students witnessed the base ball game between Yale and the Nationals this afternoon. Though the college boys failed to make a run to the Nationals' seven, they did some pretty playing, for which they deserved and received much applause.

"Colley Cibber's" entertaining articles in the *Vis-a-Vis* on the "Social Life at Kendall Green" are read with interest. Though he indugles in a little original coloring here and there, he is a man who knows of what he speaks, and a person reading his articles can hardly fail to receive a pretty nearly correct idea of the College. We should like to know he is, and to slap him on the shoulder for the pretty manner in which he treats his subject.

FRANK FRYXELL.

April 24, 1886.

### Southern Kansas.

The mutes of Neodesha are talking about combining with the mutes of Radical City, and having a May picnic in the latter place. We anticipate a magnificent time.

Mr. Des. Hall is out of employment at present, but hopes to resume work soon. He and a speaking young man, work in the same shop. When trade is dull and not enough to keep both busy, the boss turns one off, and the misfortune always fall on poor Hall.

The many friends in the east of Mr. Joseph Cartwright, of Wichita, Kan., will be delighted to hear that he is the guest of his aunt, Mrs. Des. E. Hall. Last Monday was Mrs. Hall's birthday. Mr. C. presented her with a beautiful red brush broom. He says his sister will come in four weeks and expects that she will remain some time. He and "E. H." had a good time skating at the Rink last Wednesday night and next day went hunting and fishing. E. H. killed a jack rabbit.

E. H. H.

April 18, '86.

### The Guild.

An apron and neck-tie party will be held, May 5th, in St. Ann's Sunday School room, in aid of the Guild. Admission free. Ice cream, 15 cents, cake 5 cents. Mrs. Bailey would be much obliged if the ladies would make aprons and neckties of calico, and hand them to her. Each necktie must be of the same color as the apron, and an assorted variety is desired.

C. R. THOMSON, *Chairman.*

### A Solar Cyclone.

Those who have looked through a large telescope under favorable atmospheric conditions at one of those immense cyclones which occasionally break out on the surfaces of the sun have derived from what they saw a very good idea of the origin of sunlight. They have seen that the brightest portion of the surface of the sun consists of columns of intensely hot metallic vapors, averaging about three hundred miles in diameter, rising from its interior and glowing with extreme brilliancy, from the presence of clouds formed, probably, of shining particles of carbon precipitated from its vapor as the tops of the columns reach the surface and lose heat by expansion and radiation. (A good idea of such a precipitation is had by observing the particles of water condensed from transparent vapor in unusually high thunderheads, where the action is in some respects familiar.) Between these ascending columns are seen descending masses of cooler vapors, rendered dark and smoky by relatively cool and opaque particles of carbon, all or most of the other elements being still maintained by the excessively high temperature in the condition of transparent vapor. In the immediate region, however, where the cyclone is raging, these bright ascending columns are drawn out horizontally by the incrusting metallic winds (which often reach a velocity of a thousand miles per hour) into long filaments, pointing in general toward the centre of the disturbance, which is always occupied by a huge black cloud of smoke (frequently twenty thousand miles in diameter) rapidly settling back into the interior of the sun. Over and across this great central black cloud are often driven long arms of the shining carbon-clouds, which, when the cyclonic action is very strong, bend round into slowly-changing spiral forms, very suggestive of intense action. A striking illusion, invariably connected with this sight, is that the observer seems to be viewing it from a position quite near the scene of the disturbance, whose minute and complicated details are seen with exquisite distinctness.

### Menthol.

Menthol is a white crystalline substance deposited from oil of peppermint. It is obtained by freezing and thawing the oil several times, the crystal being deposited during the congealing process. The Japanese oil is generally used in the manufacture of menthol, as it yields the crystal more richly than the others. These crystals melt at 97 degrees Fahr., are slightly soluble in water and entirely soluble in ether, and the volatile oils. Menthol is a new discovery in American medicine, but there is evidence that its peculiar nature and virtues have been known in China and Japan for many years. The drug has been a reliable remedy in the less severe neuralgic affections of the face, especially in brow-pains. The strength usually employed is one part of pure menthol to ten of alcohol. If the finger or a piece of cotton be dipped in this preparation and then rubbed lightly over the locality of the pain, the relief is almost immediate. The "German headache pencil" is simply a concentrated and solid preparation of menthol which is used to rub over the affected parts.

### How a Horse Feeds.

Something may be learned by observing how a horse picks up his feed, either in grazing or when fed in the stable. One will have a very good idea of the sensitiveness of the upper lip, and how cleverly the horse gathers in the choice herbage or hay, and rejects the waste. This mobile, prehensile feeling, separates the selected food from that which is rejected. The horse cannot see the herbage exactly under his mouth, but the lip pushes away the undesirable food, and gathers with the greatest precision, that which is selected from the rest. In a weedy pasture, this instinct of the lip is brought into action in a most peculiar and interesting manner, and exhibits in a striking degree, the exquisite sensitiveness of the delicate nerves of the organ. One who has seen this action of the lip, and realizes the great sensitiveness of it, will never permit himself to practice the excessive cruelty of putting a twitch about a horse's upper lip for any purpose, for the torture of it must be very great indeed.

Chinese children turn their backs on the teachers when they recite. There is no catechising of children in the Chinese schools; they simply learn a thing by heart and go up and repeat it with their faces turned from the blackboard and the teachers.

The oldest Episcopal church in the country—that in Williamsburg, Virginia—which contains the font in which Pocahontas was baptized and which has had among its communicants George and Martha Washington, is said to be sadly out of repair.

A German test for watered milk consists in dipping a well-polished knitting needle into a deep vessel of milk and then immediately withdrawing it in an upright position. If the milk is pure, a drop of the fluid will hang to the needle, but the addition of even a small proportion of water will prevent the adhesion of the drop.

# NEWS OF THE WEEK

A British outpost at Suakim has been surprised and fifteen Indian soldiers captured by the Arab rebels.

THE liquor dealers of Springfield, Mass., are very despondent. Only one-half of their number are to able obtain license.

A MAN of Danbury, Conn., who fancied he had the glanders, hanged himself to avoid the disease in a neighbor's barn.

THE night flagman at Astor's Tunnel, on the Hudson River Railroad, near Rhinecliff, was murdered on his post and robbed.

THREE whales were killed off Cape Elizabeth, Me., a few days ago one of which, fifty feet long, drifted upon the Black Rocks of Scarborough.

Two oystermen, blown out to sea from Stratford on the bottom of their capsized boat on Saturday last, were rescued by a passing steamer.

A family of eight, together with two other persons, were poisoned in Reading on Sunday night by a ham, of which they had partaken freely.

THE Pacific Mail steamer *Honduras* has been wrecked on the bar of the River Lempa, San Salvador. The passengers and crew were saved.

IT is reported at Ottawa that an American vessel has been seized off Cape Breton for a breach of the fishery laws. She was within the three mile limit.

THE Richardsons, father and son, on trial at Malden, Mass., for swindling Dr. French, have restored about $20,000 of the property obtained from him by them.

THE report is confirmed that the Amir of Harran, in Asiatic Turkey, has massacred all the Europeans in his capital, also the members of the Italian scientific expedition under Count Porro.

THE Czar is arranging to have an experiment made in cotton culture in Russia. Some "storm-proof cotton" seed will be shipped from Texas, and two experienced American cotton planters will be asked to superintend the experiment.

LIONEL TENNYSON, the poet-laureate's son died recently on board a steamer on the way from Calcutta to London. He was born in 1854, educated at Cambridge, married a daughter of Frederick Locker, the poet, and was connected with the Indian office. He leaves a widow and three children.

A DESPERATE revolt took place on Saturday of the 275 convicts in the St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary, near Montreal. A battle with the guards raged for an hour. One convict was killed and several wounded. The warden of the prison, who acted with great bravery, was fatally wounded. The revolt was finally subdued without the escape of a single prisoner.

THE Committee of citizens of Lee, Mass., report that $10,000 at least will be required to meet the necessities, immediate and prospective, of their unfortunate fellow-townsmen so suddenly deprived of their homes by the recent flood, and the employment upon which they depended. Any persons who desire to assist them can send their contributions to J. L. Kilbon, cashier of the Lee (Mass.) National Bank.

AT midnight on Sunday twelve masked moonshiners entered the house of D. W. Purdam, at Manchester, Coffee County, Tenn., and fired at Purdam, who, with his and children, was asleep. Purdam was fatally wounded, but, firing his own revolver, brought down two of his assailants. Chasing them to the gate with a shotgun, he brought down two more. The moonshiners carried away all their wounded but one, who is found to be a well-known distiller. He will die. Purdam had accompanied a revenue force against the moonshiners.

A PRIZE of 25,000 francs, or $5,000, in offered every year by Leopold II., King of the Belgians, for the best essay on some predetermined subject tending to advance the well-being of mankind. The competition is alternately restricted to Belgians and thrown open to the whole world, being settled by an international jury. The subject of this year's competition, open to the whole world, was "The Best Means of Improving Sandy Coasts;" and the prize has been awarded by an international jury, including some of the most eminent English and French engineers, to M. deMey, Engineer of Ponts et Chaussees, Bruges, against fifty-nine competitors. The subject for the essay at the next international competition is "The Progress of Electricity Applied to Motive Power and Illumination, its Applications and Economical Advantages." The essays for competition, which must be written in French, or translated into that language, are to be sent before January 1, 1889, to the Minister of Agriculture, Industry, and Public Works, from whom the conditions of the competition may be obtained.




YOUNG MOTHERS TAKE
THEIR BOYS TO

ROGERS, PEET & CO.

EVEN FOR THEIR FIRST SUITS, BECAUSE THAT IS A SAFE STORE TO DEAL IN, AND EVERY THING A MAN OR BOY WEARS IS SOLD AT LOWEST PRICES.

ASK FOR

A. L. THOMAS,

DEAF-MUTE SALESMAN.

# NEW YORK.

## Easter Tidings.

## ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

### Briefs.

*(Fromour New York Correspondent.)*

Easter dawned chilly and the hearts of our belles and beaux at finding such fact on rising, went down to a corresponding degree, "Maud" declaring it was "really too-too-bad-boo-hoo!" while "Chawles" muttered it was "dewcedly horwid" to be thus cheated out of her "spring bonnet" and his "twowsers," about which the "guv'nah" had kicked so much.

But "Old Sol" was on a strike, as he had been for the past few days, and towards noon, he reigned supreme, to the great disgust of the "weather clerk," and to the delight of everybody else. The "glad tidings" went round, and every body prepared to see what everybody else had on, thinking how everybody would admire them, when everybody else was thinking the very same thing.

During the forenoon, church was the objective point to the majority, the Catholic and Episcopal demoninations having in nearly all instances elaborated programmes, and the services in each being well attended.

It was about 2:30 P.M., that we reached St. Ann's, and the assemblage of deaf-mutes here was one that very rarely fills the edifice, at a rough estimate, about two hundred being in attendance. The services, at which the communion was given to about eighty, being conducted by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and Rev. Mr. Colt. Among the auidence were many out of town visitors, besides the usual attendants from this city and Brooklyn.

The afternoon was not such as would prompt one to think it was the latter part of April, the air being decidedly raw, and overcoats and wraps seemed to look comfortable, but de spite this, Fifth Avenue, from 14th to 59th Street, and Broadway from 23d to 34th Street, presented a perfect kaleidoscope of colors and forms.

Among our mutes many of our ladies were attired in very pretty costumes, the prettiest one we noticed being that worn by a prominent young society lady who was dressed in a jaunty costume of purple velvet, with bonnet to match.

The dudes were out in full force, and we, though not condescending to be one of them, in company with "Tom, Dick and Harry," took it unto ourselves to see who was out and how they were attired.

Opposite Martinelli's were seen Misses Brinck, Loomis and Smith, in company with Messrs. Soper, Thomas, and LeClerq, the two former gents, explaining that it was there the Gallaudet were to have their annual dinner on the 28th.

A little above the Union Club at 20th Street, were passed two of our Brooklyn belles, Misses Shute and Reed, attired in becoming costumes of blue silk, and gray camel's hair, with bewitching hats "*la Polka*" correspondingly trimmed.

A little above the Hoffman House was seen the staid old secretary of the Brooklyn Society, who posed as "Adonis" within a few steps of the "Bryon," surrounded by an admiring circle of sympathizers, listening to what he and the Brooklyn Society intended to do, winding up in a grand "chorus" that "nine" of the aforesaid society members had in consideration the challenging of "nine" of the Gallaudet Club to a match game of ball on their excursion, July 14th.

Farther up Broadway and the Avenue were met less mentionable lights, but as we reached "Fox's" on 31st Street, we with "Tom, Dick and Harry" proposed it was rather "dry" and forthwith proceeded to test a bottle of "Piper Sec," concluding that "Lent being a thing of the past" nothing else could be more fashionable y'know?

This with a new silk tile donned for the first time by our artist Tresch, who by the way is now engaged as artist on the *World*, and several minor happenings, made about as much as we care for the present to be known about Easter.

THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

met at Tresch's studio Friday last. A mistake between President and Secretary as to place of meeting, St. Ann's Sunday-School being considered preferable, was the cause of a rather slim attendance, but for the benefit of those who may desire to become imitiated, and to those who are already we are authorized to state the next meeting will be held Friday, April 30th, in St. Ann's Sunday School room at eight o'clock sharp, and to all who have any intention of attending the National Convention in 1888, a cordial invitation is extended.

EASTER BRIEFS.

The excursion on the 14th of July will probably have a very large attendance. "Snooks" states tickets will be out in a week or so, that the Club do not care so much for the profit as for the enjoyment of the day. So look to a good time, Bhoys!

The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union held no meeting last week, out of consideration it being "Holy Week." The next meeting will be held on Thursday, the 29th, when a large attendance is expected, as business of importance is under way.

The Manhattan Literary Association, though very near disbanding, have decided to stick.

The Brooklyn and German Clubs are very quiet, but it is thought this silence means great things in store.

Tickets for the debate are selling like "hot cakes." To those who may desire "reserved seats," we would suggest a speedy call on Mr. C. R. Thomson, as he holds only a few but for convenience will issue more, if necessary. What will our Philadelphia brethren think to have forty-five or fifty New York's "fairest ones" right in front of them. All the same, Mr. Jones grins, and Mr. O'Brien smiles.

Among the customers at Rogers, Peet & Co., last week, were several of our mutes, the total sales to whom, we learn, amounted to nearly $150. A. L. T. is happy, and as the goods sold are first-class, and the price reasonable. We advise a call at this house. Mr. Thomas will treat you well. Ask for him.

Father Nally, or McNally, greeted Ester with a full crop of his distinguished brushed-back forelocks. It was remarked he never looked better.

Mr. P. A. Campbell received the sad news of the death of his father in the old country, a week ago. He was a prominent and much respected gentlemon in the village, where he resided, and died at the advanced age of seventy years.

It is said Mr. Alexander has opened a studio at the Union Square, and that he has at present more business than he can attend to.

Three of the prominent members of the Third Avenue R.R. Co, were sketched by Mr. Tresch, and appeared in Friday's *World*, doing the latter gent much credit.

The Gallaudet Club has received the proof of their photos, and it is said same are very acceptable, Guggenheimer's mustache being a prominent feature.

The Guild give a "Necktie and Apron Party" May 5th, and as admission is free, we expect to see a large crowd in attendance But a little "small change" would help those who may attend. Mrs. Bailey will be in charge, and a good time is in order when she is at the head.

The strike on the 3d Avenue surface road seems to be the leading topic among our mutes. Henry McCaffrey, a brother of Mr. M. L McCaffrey, of the Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union, had sided with the company in the capacity of veterinary surgeon, and under his management, very few horses are reported as dying.

The Myers-George foot races appear to interest our sporting community very much, and if Philadelphia can produce a man to beat Myers, we give in that they win the debate, but not before. Show him up, "Mr. Spy."

MONTAGUE TIGG.

### For the Journal.

A short time ago, while reading in your paper an account of the action of the chairman of the Executive Committee of the Gallaudet Memorial Fund, I was greatly surprised that he should agree to a contract with a certain party for the statue, and to purchase a mould of the same for $3000. I thought at the time and still think that was going a little too fast for safety, and was rather too free with what I consider Trust Funds. I intended to reply ere this, but my time being fully occupied with other matters, I delayed until I noticed in your columns an article headed "White Elephant," which I read with much interest, and although the writer, Clement R. Thomson, is personally unknown to me, his views so coincide with mine, I must say Amen to all he there said. What I would like to see is a Committee of three or five appointed to call for plans and estimates and to select from the same the one most suitable, and also to agree on a price for it, all completed and set up at Washington within a certain time. We shall then know just what amount is needed and when, and I think the collection will then be made much more rapidly with the necessary sum in view, knowing that it is to cover the whole expense and thus settle the matter.

JOHN T. TILLINGHAST.

### From Western Kansas.

Perheps the readers of the JOURNAL would be glad to know about Western Kansas, once known as Droughty Kansas of 1879-80. Crops are not more liable to suffer from drought in Western Kansas than they are to be drowned by too much rain further east.

In fact, men who are tired of floundering in the mud and having their crops destroyed by water, say they prefer to take a chance with whatever of drought they may encounter in the West.

The great healthfulness of the climate is a strong attraction, especially beneficial in cases of consumption and weak lungs.

Nearly every day, the roads are lined with prairie schooners loaded with families and fowls and household goods, and followed by stocks of all kinds.

There is still Government lands open to preemption and homesteads entry, and plenty of railroad lands for sale at low figures on time.

It is well known to old settlers east of here that the rain belt is extending westward steadily.

The eastern people said half west of Kansas was worthless for agricultural purposes, and now let me ask you, readers of the JOURNAL, where those worthless lands are at present?

Why, those lands are now the best for agricultural purposes in the state.

The eastern people can easily spare us many car loads of mud, but I tell you, we don't want them, you may need them yourself all the time. If not, then come to the West, and secure a quarter section of lands for a small sum.

Of course, the weather last winter was the severest one ever known in Western Kansas, resulting in the loss of many nice cattle, of which you have already heard. They died for want of good shelter and plenty of feed. This is a good lesson to the cattlemen in the future.

CACTUS, JR.

### From the Far West.

Mr. John W. Clark, a mute from the Nebraska school is here now working for the undersigned on his ranch. He is an ambitious young man, and desires very much to attend the National Deaf-Mute College. He is trying to pursue his studies for that purpose, should he have a chance to go.

H. W. Rothert has been appointed a member of the board of appraisers of the Union Pacific Railway company for lands and town lots. The former board was composed of railway officials alone, and as now constituted it is composed of A. J. Poppleton; Mr. Tower, of Nebraska; and H. W. Rothert, of Wyoming.

Hon. Rothert is the father of one of the pupils in the Wyoming Institute. He was in the Iowa Senate eight years, and was once Lieutenant Governor of Iowa. He was appointed by President Arthur as Register of the U. S. Land Office here. President Cleveland turned him out of office, and put another man in his place from Mississippi. It was partly through Mr. Rothert's influence that the Wyoming Institute was established here for the benefit of his son, as well as all the children of Wyoming similarly afflicted.

W. W. Kelly, the deaf and dumb manager of the talented and charming artiste, Grace Hawthorne, arrived in this city yesterday, and is quartered at the Inter Ocean. Mr. Kelly made signs to us last evening that indicate that his brilliant star is scoring a decided triumph everywhere. Her recent engagement in Denever was phenomenally successful.—*Cheyenne Tribune.*

W. W. Kelly, the deaf and dumb manager for Grace Hawthorne, is very successful in his business. He writes so well that he doesn't miss his ability to talk, but his friends think he will learn to wag his tongue after awhile.—*Cheyenne Stage.*

Hon. W. F. Cody, famous "Buffalo Bill" was at our Opera house recently, with his play of the "Prairie Waif" and the following Indians, Kah-Kah-Kah-Lah-Hah, Que-Lah-Lah-La-Sha, O-Te-On-Te-Oh, Koo-Rooks-Tip-A-Hoo, Pawnee Indians. Master Waldo Rothert and myself went to see the play and enjoyed it very much. We had a talk with Buffalo Bill, and found him to be a clever gentleman. He owns a large ranch of one thousand acres near North Platte, Neb., and the father of a mute boy by the name of McDonald, a banker, owns the next ranch. We found that Buffalo Bill knows a good deal about deaf mutes. He was all over the plains many years ago as a guide and scout where now is built the beautiful city of Cheyenne.

There was another play at the Opera house a few days ago called the "Fantasma" by the famous Hanlons. Mr. Clark, Mr. Rothert and ourself were there to see it. Their tableaux and pantomimes were splendid and kept the house in constant roars of laughter. The finale which was the fairy land was grand and beautiful. It is a splendid play on the stage, and deaf-mutes will enjoy seeing it wherever they give an exhibition. They use some of our signs so plainly that it can be understood.

Mr. Fred S. Barrett is out of work now. He has a mute sister by the name of Nellie E. Barrett. She was educated at Hartford She lives at Lowell, Mass., with her husband, Mr. Samuel Wordman. Fred is a cowboy and can talk on his fingers some.

In the evening of April 13th, the Good Templars gave a free entertainment at their hall. Master Rothert and ourself were requested to give pantomimes. He repeated the Lord's Prayer, and then gave the story of the naughty boy going to steal apples, and how the old farmer got him down from the tree. We gave a performance of the "dude and dudess." Oral and instrumental music were rendered, and also speaking by others. Then we had very nice refreshments served. It was a very enjoyable affair. Mr. Clark was also there as a spectator.

We believe that the deaf mute schools of New Mexico and Wyoming were started about the same time, so we will shake hands across the state of Colorado, and as twins we will grow up into manhood and usefulness. There was an effort to start a mute school at Tacoma, Washington Territory, but we do not know if it has really been accomplished. We will be glad to learn that one has been opened there, or somewhere else in the territory.

There is a deaf-mute school in the Indian Territory at Okmulgee, taught by two deaf-mute Indian sisters, who were educated at Xenia, Ohio. They are the daughters of an Indian doctor whom we are acquainted with, and who can talk very well on his fingers and use some signs. The school is under the care of the Indian Chief Lonetree. In case the school in Washington Territory is organized; then there will be left Montana, Idaho and Arizona territories and the state of Nevada, without any provisions for the education of the deaf-mutes within their borders, which will be supplied in the near future; then every state and territory in the Union will each have schools of their own for the deaf-mutes. When this is accomplished, then there will be no country, wherein to establish new institutions in the United States. This grand work shows what American progress, civilization and liberality will do.

We take great pleasure in reading the news in the JOURNAL from Indiana by "Claritha," "Detective Francais," "Boone," and "Jumbo." Write often, your letters are interesting. May you have a successful reunion of old and new scholars at your "Alma Mater," and have a pleasant and enjoyable time. It was once said that Indiana had the best and brightest students at the National Deaf-Mute College.

"Free Lance," and "Saint Matthew" are trying to pour hot coals on poor "Solid Muldoon's" head. Beware, he will crawl out of his hole and give ye a whacking that will make ye squirm. He has a magazine within himself, and when he comes around, ye Hebrew and Gentile alike will skedaddle to keep out of his way.

BOOMERANG JOE.

CHEYENNE, MO., 4-20-'86.

### Massachusetts.

Edward Redmond, a hearing villain in Westfield, who was some time ago arraigned before the Police Court, and was held in $800 bond for trial on Tuesday on charge of assault upon an old deaf-mute woman named Mrs. Meacham, was let off with a small fine and $200 bonds to keep the peace. Indignation was aroused against the Judge, and it is reported that the judge will not be nominated for another term.

The *Republican*, to day, says that the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association copy of the George Fuller memorial volume, has been received in Deerfield, and in a few days, it will be deposited in Memorial Hall. The late George Fuller was well-known to be an artist of the highest merit, and he was a deaf-mute. His name has been highly praised in *Scribner's Magazine* of last October. He had been much attached to Mr. Eugene Trask, who lives in Deerfield.

On Friday, Springfield was besieged with many visitors among whom were Miss Sarah Storrs, of Longmeadow; Miss Mary A. Mann, teacher at Hartford, Miss Katie Miller, of Thompsonville, Conn., and several others.

Mr. William L. Hill, editor of the Athol *Transcript*, was present to witness the execution of the murderer, Allen J. Adams, in Northampton, Friday of last week.

Miss Minnie Pancoast, of New York, has been on a visit to her friend in Boston, and now is visiting in Worcester for a few days, before making another visit to Springfield on her way to New York.

A visit from Herman Erbe, of Southington, Ct., was anticipated two weeks ago, but disappointment filled his friends owing to pressure of business.

A gentleman of this city has been often threatened, during the past several years, by a crank of New Boston, N. H. It is understood that the gentleman will make a complaint to the U. S. District Attorney in Boston to prosecute the writer of the malicious threats shortly. We approve of it, and hope that the prosecution will be made at once.

Mr. R. D Livingstone is away in Connecticut on business.

HAMPDEN.

SPRINGFIELD, Apr. 24.

### Trenton, New Jersey.

Last Saturday evening, we had a party at which Miss Mamie E. Springsteen requested the pleasure of our company. She invited fourteen girls and boys and some officers to her party. She had a good idea of it. Ada Van Ness made artificial flowers, and she made paper hats. They looked very nice. We were very busy. The boys did not know of it before. The boys and girls dressed up very finely and neatly. At 7 o'clock we assembled in the chapel and Miss Katie Devlin had some papers which had the names of the girls. The boys picked them out. Then the girls gave them roses which matched their hats.

We played some games. Misses Springsteen and Eckel were very busy in putting refreshments on the table, and Mrs. Ellis, supervisor of the girls, and Miss Flynn helped them. When the table was finished, leader Deohn told us to stand in line, and the boys escorted the girls down to the refreshment table. We had a very pleasant time with each other. We saw very nice things on the table. We sat and ate. Mr. Jenkins entertained us with conversation. Master Cosgrove amused us very heartily. We laughed very heartily, and had a grand time, and we could not imagine how we could have a more splendid time. When the time was over for us to stay, we adjourned and said "Good Night." We went to bed, although we wished to stay longer.

Mr. Wright, our steward, has a new bay horse, which looks exactly like his former one that was killed.

Miss Maggie Bissett, who used to be in Mr. Greenberger's class, will go back to her old school next fall. She hopes to see her classmates.

There is a lawn tennis court in the girls' garden, and we will have three swings. So we will have lots of fun. We often say that we are happy that we did not live in the city, and like to live in the country best.

Will Mr. Crouter please come and see his old pupils sometimes, as some of them will leave school this summer. They wonder if he forgets them.

We remember that we said we were sorry that Mr. Corbin was not here. When the Legislature met here last week Monday, he was here with his wife. She can spell as well as we do. She used to be with a deaf-mute friend.

Mr. Peter Matthews is a very skillful grass-cutter. He can do carpenter's work, and sometimes help Mr. Peter Gaffney. We presume that he will be a very good carpenter.

Some of the pupils are going home for Easter holidays. We hope they will enjoy themselves very much.

Last week Saturday, the girls went to the opera house to see Uncle Tom's Cabin.

GOLDEN ROD.

### NORWICH, CONN.

The *Monthly Union* says: "The Canajoharie, (N. Y.) *Radii*, published by L. F. Allen & Co., recently entered upon its fifty-first volume. The *Radii* was established by Levi S. Backus, a deaf-mute." John Barstow is the oldest compositor in the United States, and works in the office of the Norwich *Morning Bulletin*. He used to work for Mr. Backus' paper.

The Andover, Conn., correspondent wrote to *Cooley's Weekly* as follows: "Another baby in town. And still there is more to follow." This time it is Lorin White who is made happy. Babies ought not to make much disturbance in that house, as Mr. White and his wife are both deaf and dumb. They have a boy about three years old that is supposed to be a deaf and dumb also."

Lorin White has over 300 hens on his farm, and said that it is paying better than farm products. His new cottage is on the top of a hill.

It is a pity that pupils in the Hartford Asylum talked loudly about Lorin White wearing a hundred years old overcoat while visiting there. The pupils ought to know that "dudes" have no cash in pockets or saving banks.

Zachary T. Davis (deaf and dumb), who was severely injured by being run over by a team, recently, at Voluntown, Conn., is gradually recovering. Mr. Hall pays him $1.25 per day until well.

Mr. Hammel, of Norwich Falls, has gone out of town to obtain work.

S. Comstock works in the Lock shop at Greenville. His earnings increase at present.

I have worked on *Cooley's Weekly* for three years.

The *Bulletin* Company has accepted, at the request of the compositors, an advance to forty cents per thousand ems. The office does the best paying business in New London and Windham Counties. They employ union printers. I used to work there for years, but left three years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Lamb will arrive at their fiftieth golden wedding anniversary, in 1889, if they live that long. Mrs. Lamb is an industrious elderly lady, smart at keeping house, making stylish patterns, etc. She got $3 as a premium for embroidered toilets at last fall's fair.

I know Mr. and Mrs. Lamb very well, and they treat me with much courtesy.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet is the best preacher for mutes, because he always treats them very nobly and courteously. He never demands $10 for a sermon from the mutes.

My oldest twins are very hearty and healthy, and the latest twin babies are doing very nicely. Five of my boys are at school, and can talk with me as well as mutes can.

I will be glad to hear from Geo. Fischer, if he lives still in Columbia, Ohio.

Mr. I. B. Foster has been in Providence to visit his sister, Mrs. Steere, and his son Eddie Foster.

Mrs. I. B. Foster is very industrious and hospitable. I. B. Foster is very busy at farming and the shoe business.

Wm. Blish is a jolly fellow and has a nice hearing and speaking wife. They live happily in their elegantly house. He told me that Mr. and Mrs. I. B. Foster are his best friends. I must say that they are mine too.

Geo. Lamb is doing well at repairing furniture for Dickey & Co. He is the best cabinetmaker in Norwich.

A mute from out of town has been in town soliciting money from citizens through his humbuging mute alphabet cards, with Bible comments about giving alms and money to him. He staid in town half a day. The car flashed him to other towns.

Mr. and Mrs. Coon live on their farm in Bozrahville. His business is farming, and he is doing well.

I can approve John Bennet's letter about "farming."

Fred. Walker is the best billiard player in the state of Connecticut, and also can sling 1,500 ems solid per one hour. He is a stockholder of the Steamer Ella, which runs from Norwich to Lyle's Beach at Fisher's Island.

Thomas Horan, a foreman of the Providence *Telegram* office called on me at *Cooley's Weekly* office on a brief visit last week. He won $200 in a type-setting match at the Providence Dime Museum. He said that a mute named Donnelly works in the Providence *Telegram* office.

The Mutes' Bible Class is composed of ten mutes, under H. V. Edmond.

A. M. NORCROSS.

April 26, 1886.

The Duke of Cumberland says that his gold and silver plate weighs eight tons. He inherited the greater part of it from the late king of Hanover and the Duke of Brunswick.

# COLORADO.

## Great Scott!

### CULLINGS.

*(From our Colorado Correspondent)*

She will spend the summer months at Pueblo.

A Deaf-Mute Association of the Rocky Mountain region is now talked of. Success to the projectors.

J. C. Simmons, in his interesting letter to the *Silent Nation* of Toronto, Canada, says "Solid Muldoon" can use correct grammar and punctuate his writings well. Well, John, that is needed news to us.

Aboard of one of the east bound Pullmans yesterday, was a company of old California forty miners, who, seduced into the trip by the cheap rates, are returning to the East for the first time since they went to California in the brave days of old. The old boys are amazed at the signs of civilization that have met them along the road, and in the brief intervals between drinks, they are loud in their expression of surprise.

To "eat crow" is never a dainty pastime at best, but to be obliged to swallow it in whole chunks, as some correspondents have been doing lately, is painful indeed. Their massive, imported intellect has been painfully strained of late in their endeavors to settle the National Gallaudet Memorial Committee controversies, and then be obliged to retract their words of wisdom, is indeed too much for human endurance.

W. C. Raymond writes to his friends from Pensacola, Florida, that the summer heat is now well on down there. No doubt, he yearns to return to his cool, breezy mountain home, where he made his fortune and where a monument will be erected to his memory when he shuffles off this mortal coil.

Matron Whitcomb, of the Deaf-Mute Institution, and Rev. Eldridge, of Colorado Springs, were united for life two weeks ago.

"Anti Rep" is informed that in our news letters we will tell the truth without fear or favor; and in our opinions hew straight to the line of our unpurchaseable convictions, let the chips fall where they may. If he ever comes out here in the state he referred to, we will merely publish the truth.

O. J. Kennedy is already engaged in business as will be shown by the following item from the Pueblo *Daily Star*:

Orange J. Kennedy has opened up a very neat store at No. 518 Santa Fe Avenue, with an excellent stock of imported candies, fresh cocoanuts, oranges nice and sweet, lemons, dates, figs, nuts of all kinds, fresh roasted peanuts every day, and a choice line of cigars and tobaccos. Orange is a square, upright fellow, and will no doubt succeed in his new enterprise.

D. C. Dudley, of Colorado Springs, has recovered from his recent illness.

Frank Chaney is at Montrose where he will in the future lead the independent life of a successful tiller of the soil.

Mike Coyne, who is now a plain day laborer at Leadville, and who can talk eloquently about the defunct *Frontiersman*, passed north last week, on his way from Leadville to Denver. The train upon which Mike was aboard was rolling out with him on the rear platform, when we asked him "What are you going to do now?" The reply was lost in the locomotive smoke, and Mike went on his way.

There is a human being employed at the Mute Institution that, not who, but that, could be used to advantage by ——— well, it would be hard to say what.

We have not said "Peddler Baird" for over two months. Just think of it.

E. S. Beetle is still in Denver with his eyes wide open for whatever he may catch. He sends his best respects to "Jim Jams."

Dear "Free Lance," since 1880, you know we have been drifting about the Rowdy West without any great measure of success. Here and there can yet be seen location stakes, bearing our humble signature, driven down in the palmy days of '83, when every lead was considered to be a princely fortune, and when every placer claim was held at round figures. On the lead, it was our fortune to test the steel of many well made picks, and on divers occasions, gold showed up in rich ore where none existed. On placer claims, too, the glistening sand always had a magnetic attraction, while to gaze at the bottom of a gold pan was a privilege like unto "sweeping through the gates."

On extended tramps, in search of something never found, in company with the festive burro, we have carefully studied his habits, and have classed him a little lower than the expectations of the tenderfoot, in search of the rich Eldorado. The newspaper field at one time afforded an opening for a brain of our dimension, so we labored hard and long for the "good of the party." Many a task have we taken in our course since emerging from that Swift's mill on the Ohio River into "God's country."

But, once again, thank fortune, we are on the greasy, oily highway of success. Shake! "Free Lance," Shake! It is oil this time. Yes, crude oil that is green and black, coming up from the depth, filling every inch of our imagination during working hours, and making our dreams even more than pleasant. Think of a flowing well of oil! It is better than $2.00 per year in advance, or ten cents per line. Great Scott, what a strike! But we shall never look down on you from our exalted position. "Free Lance," we have been expecting you to visit Colorado ere this. We are quite well fixed in our new quarters. Our dutch oven is turning out bread of all conceivable grades, not easy to explain in one short letter.

In one corner of our 12x16 canvass mansion, there is a place prepared for you. You will have access to our new library of 1886, such authors as Hostetter, Ayer, and Vogler, have contributed to it, and it can not fail to interest you. Now try and come over before Decoration Day, or write us the contrary.

A measly-looking chap came over by stage yesterday, and was casting about to stick up some circus bills, but this is not that kind of a country. The health of our new camp is good. Empty bottles and tin cans are accumulating quite rapidly. At present the English and Spanish languages predominate. Old boy, can you read the latter? We can.

Excuse us, one important item of great importance, we had almost forgotten, and that is, when you come, don't forget to bring several quarts filled with "water," as that of the camp tastes of mineral, more or less, and we are sure it would not be agreeable to you. A blanket or so, together with a frying pan and a tin plate, would in every way come into requisition during your stay.

Now, in closing, we must tell you confidently, that there is a great field here for a newspaper. As we are old chums in the business, of course, we can see it. Keep this to yourself, and slip in some "Knight of the Quill," having a big bank account.

Now, come soon, "Free Lance." By the way, we are outside the pale of politics, and are as happy as a clam. As this is a backward spring, do you think it will effect the charitable plans of the "Greatest Only Society?" Remember us kindly to that "person of Hebrew lineage."

Yours fraternally,

SOLID MULDOON.

3-20-'86.

### West Salem, O.

Charley Furry, of Kent, still talks of going west.

Mr. Peter Wise, of near this city is out on a hunt.

Martin Gibson, 17 years old, is working in a brickyard at Ashland.

H. N. Gilkison is still working in a cigar factory at Mansfield.

I would like to know whether C. C. Colby, of Chicago, is married.

G. W. Johnston comes up and sees me for a chat almost every night.

There is a semi-mute lady, named Elvan Wilson, living in Bucyons, who never attended the Mute School.

Andrew Bott, the well-known mute rat catcher and peddler, of Akron, was in Kent last Wednesday.

Peter Wise, who lives a few miles east of this city, called on G. W. Johnston yesterday afternoon.

Miss Milly Ecker a 300 lb mute lady who was born in this city over 35 years ago, moved to Denton, Miner Co., Dakota, not long ago.

We are sorry to learn that poor fellow, Wm. Neuner, of Mansfield, has not been well for three years.

James H. McMechen, formerly of Wheeling, W. Va., is keeping a boarding house at Birmingham, Ala. Jim, success to you in your enterprise.

Pell J. Swineford, the well known mute harnessmaker of Ashland, has recently been re-elected Sealer of Weights and Measures.

G. W. Johnston, ex-Editor of the West Salem *Monitor*, called on J. W. W. Powell, the popular mute harnessmaker of Akron, on Wednesday last.

Sam Lewis, an old bachelor, owns a farm and a nice house in Mifflin, Ashland Co. O., and is worth $50.000. Think he is about 59 years of age. John H. Gurnewald lives there, too. Both farmers.

O. G. Rhimer, of Friendville, nine miles east of this city, went to Dakota a few weeks ago, against his grandfather's consent, in search of a fortune.

Mr. Bergler, formerly of Rochester, N. Y., but now of Chicago, passed through this city on his way home to Chicago on Wednesday night last.

George N. McJunken has gone to Wellington, where he works for James H. Stoddler, a mute farmer, his uncle Joe. Roe having sold out his farm in Ontario.

John Johnston, the infirm father of G. W. Johnston, accompanied by his guardian, A. J. Gerhart, left Wednesday morning last for Independence, Washington Co., Pa. G. W. J. accompanied them as far as Sterling and thence went to Akron, where he paid J. W. W. Powell and family a brief visit.

R. E. PORTER.

WEST SALEM, O., 3-19-'86.

### Baltimore.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet will be in town May 7th, and hold services at Grace Church to the congregation, and also in signs to the mutes. He regrets his inability to be present May 9th.

Miss Saddie Arnold is suffering with inflammatory rheumatism, but we hope she will permanently recover.

"Anti-Rep" acknowledges "Autumn's" flattering and courteous remarks.

The Social, as reported by "Anti-Rep" some time ago, and the proposals suggested by Mr. Ramsay, have met with approval. It will be called the May Blossom Social, and will take place May 4th.

# FANWOOD.

## Our "Tonsorial Artist."

### GOOD FRIDAY AND EASTER SUNDAY.

*(From our Fanwood Correspondent.)*

Visitors to the Institution have no doubt seen the barber's pole which protrudes at an angle of forty degrees from a basement window on the west side of the school building. To those who have not, we will say that it signifies one of the many handicrafts which the pupils have the advantage of learning while at the Institution Within looks like a well-furnished barber shop which one often sees along the streets of our cities, and the young man who prognosticates a glorious future ahead as he clips and lathers away, is known at the Institution as Barber McMickle. Commencing in its infancy, which is now nearly two years since it was started, he is becoming quite a skillful manipulator of the razor and shears. "Has he a large patronage?" one would ask. Why, certainly. Just look at our boys—not a long haired one to be found among the two hundred boys and over, and besides not a dirty face in the whole lot. What a contrast! Only a few years ago, the pupils had to do their own shaving, and it was not every one that could be the proud possessor of a razor, and a barber was hired to do the hair cutting at long intervals. As a result, our boys of the present day are all slick looking young fellows, of which few of our public institutions can boast.

There was no school or work on Good Friday. Nearly half of the pupils had gone home for Easter, and those that remained assembled in the chapel where Dr. Peet recounted the crucifixion, death and burial of Christ. On Easter Sunday, the afternoon services were very appropriately conducted by the Principal, and through the efforts of Miss Jane T. Meigs, beautiful flowers graced one end of the stage and spread their fragrance about the room.

The following was given as the Sunday morning address in the Chapel on Easter Day:

It may be of interest to you to give information in regard to the name of this great Christian festival, and therefore the morning lecture will be devoted to a brief explanation of the name, etc.

The word Easter is taken from the German—Ostern, and from the Saxon—Oster, meaning ri-ing, th Christian passover and the festival of the resurrection of Christ. The English name is derived from the German Goddess of Spring, Ostera, or Eastre, whose festival occurred about the same time as the celebration of Easter. The Hebrew-Greek word *Paska* has passed into the name given to this feast by most Christian nations. The French call it Paques; the Scotch, Pasch; the Dutch, Paschen; the Danes, Paaske, and the Swedes, Pask.

St. Paul calls Christ "our Pasch," and both the Eastern and Western churches commemorated a two-fold event in their Easter celebration—*i.e.*, the slaying of the Lamb of God and his resurrection. Formerly, both Jews and Christians celebrated the same day; the one as the passover, the other as the resurrection day. The present plan for determining Easter was arranged by the council of Nice, in 325. The plan is, Easter Sunday shall be the first Sunday after the full moon, which happens upon or next after March 21st; and if this full moon happen on a Sunday, Easter will be on the following Sunday. By this arrangement, Easter may come as early as March 22d or as late as April 25th.

This is the grandest festival of the Christian world. Formerly the churches were ornamented with wax candles and Christians saluted each other with a kiss and the words, "Christ is Risen," to which the response was made, "He is risen indeed."

This custom is still retained in the Greek Church. In the north of England, the men parade the streets on Easter Sunday and claim the privilege of lifting every woman three times from the ground, receiving in payment a kiss or a silver sixpence.

One of the best known customs is the making presents of colored eggs, called pasch or pass eggs.

What does Easter mean to us? It proves the truth of Christ's assertion that He was the Son of God and would rise from the dead.

It gives us the hope that if we believe in Christ and obey Him, we shall also rise from grave and enjoy everlasting life and happiness in Heaven.

Let this Easter day mark the departure of each one of you from your sinful habits and ways and then the same pure life which earth everywhere exhibits will be in each one of us as well.

Mr. Chas. Van Tassel, one of our teachers, was the recipient of a large box of California plumes from his friend, Mr. Henry D. Reaves, formerly teacher here but now of Santa Barbara, Cal. They have been disposed of at twelve and a half cents apiece.

Another death has added gloom to the Institution in the person of Frederick C. Storm. He died of Pneumonia shortly after nine o'clock on the evening of Wednesday, April 21st, in the presence of his sorrowing father and brother.

Peter Meade received a cut on the forehead from colliding with a playmate while playing base ball last week. It is not serious.

U. G. Dunn wheeled a "Columbia" to Yonkers and back last Friday.

Last Saturday afternoon the High Class crew pulled their boat to the other side of the river, and on landing explored the Palisades for the cave where, many years ago, moonshiners were detected by the law and arrested for distilling whiskey and disposing of it without a license, but traces of such a cave could not be found, and even the fishermen, who live in huts along the shore, did not know. The powderhouses, belonging to the Government, near by, recalled a traditional story of an attempt of one of our old graduates to explode them. Among the other things of interest which they came across and examined, was a bulky and clumsy looking machine for breaking stone for street pavement.

The social reunion in the evening was a very gloomy affair, owing to the fact that many of the those who took the lead in such affairs were absent.

The croquet season has commenced.

In spite of the dismal day on Easter Sunday, some of the young ladies were "like the flowers that bloom in the spring."

Chas. Sparrow, of Albany, was at Fanwood last Sunday. His purpose of coming to this city was to see his sick father.

Messrs. Morris and Petit brought up a couple of hearing friends to see the School last Sunday.

Yesterday (Wednesday) Mr. Thos. F. Fox, one of our professors, was installed in the Presidential chair of the Gallaudet Club, at their club dinner.

Miss Prudence Lewis received an invitation to attend a sociable at the residence of Miss Kahler, a former pupil here, which took place last Tuesday.

Charles Schmidt is at present employed in the tin roofing establishment of the father of Dennis Mahony, who died of consumption a few years ago.

Henry Bettels, who delights to sling type in the printing office here, brought his brother up Monday from his Easter vacation, to see the office and show him what he could do. Henry says his brother Charles is a mercantile printer, and also anticipates big things in the future.

AQUILA.

### Halt!

DEAF MUTES' JOURNAL:—None having the best interests of our class at heart can have any sympathy with the senseless efforts made by a few members to interfere with the existing arrangements of the Gallaudet Memorial Commission. There really exists no ground, legal or otherwise, for such efforts. The same rule if strictly applied would exclude a non-member not only from the office of Treasurer but also from all membership in the Association. The rule may prove a boomerang for the disturbing element and ruin the whole scheme, for if the non-members are allowed to contribute, they can claim the right to take any part in the arrangements. As a National affair, open to all, the right of excluding a non member from the office of Treasurer seems to be more illegal than the contrary view expresed by others.

Respectfully.

H. C. WHITE.

### Daniel Webster and the Bible.

Though Webster's fame rests chiefly upon his oratorical powers, he was remarkable, too, for his familiarity with the Bible. In fact, his colleagues once nicknamed him the Bible Concordance of the United State Senate. How he earned this title, and how the Bible influenced his literary style, is told by the *Youth's Companion:*

While a mere lad he read with such power and expression that the passing teamsters, who stopped to water their horses, used to get "Webster's boy" to come out beneath the shade of the trees and read the Bible to them.

Those who heard Mr. Webster, in later life, recite passages from the Hebrew prophets and Psalms, say that he held them spellbound, while each passage, even the most familiar, came home to them in a new meaning. One gentleman says that he never received such ideas of the majesty of God and dignity of man as he did one clear night when Mr. Webster, standing in the open air, recited the eighth Psalm.

Webster's mother observed another old fashion of New England in training her son. She encouraged him to memorize such Scriptural passages as impressed him. The boy's retentive memory, and his sensitiveness to Bible metaphors and to the rhythm of the English version, stored his mind with Scripture.

On one occasion the teacher of the district school offered a jack-knife to the boy who should recite the greatest number of verses from the Bible. When Webster's turn came, he arose and reeled off so many verses that the master was forced to cry, "Enough!" It was the mother's training and the boy's delight in the idioms and music of King James' version that made him the "Biblical Concordance of the Senate."

But these two factors made him more than a "concordance." The Hebrew prophets inspired him to eloquent utterances. He listened to them, until their vocabulary and idioms, as expressed in King James' translations, became his mother-tongue. Of his lofty utterances it may be said, as said Wordsworth said of Milton's poetry, they are "Hebrew in soul." Therefore they project themselves into the future.

The young man who would be a writer that shall be read, or an orator whom people will hear, should study the English Bible. Its singular beauty and great power as literature, the thousand sentiments and associations which use has attached to it, have made it a mighter force than any other book.

It occurred to a man on Capitol Hill, Washington, that it would be a good idea to mix the soil of all the states and territories in the Capital park. Accordingly he wrote to postmasters and others, from Maine to Arizona, and received from each a package of earth, until his collection was completed. On Washington's birthday he mixed up the earth and dumped it in a corner.

### THE CAHE OF THE EYES.

"Everybody takes considerable interest in his eyes," said a prominent oculists to a reporter, "and I do not think any other portion of the human anatomy is worthy of more attention. Yet it is more abused than any other organ. From early infancy it is treated shamefully. The baby's knuckles poke it and the lids are frequently made to open to expose it to the view of admiring relatives and friends. Boyhood's days bring books to be read and lessons to be worked into the brain through its medium. Youth fills it with tobacco smoke in the one sex and needlework and novels in the other. In maturity it is abused of necessity by the use of spectacles. A poor eye is better than no eye at all. Science has made the deaf to hear by means of various little instruments. Manufactured teeth often serve the purpose better than the originals, and patent working arms and legs often replace the natural members. An eye once lost to its sense of sight can never be replaced by any thing that will restore that sense. Artificial eyes have existed as long as there has been any demand for them. "Step this way," said the specialist, "and I will show you a large assortment of them." The doctor reached up to a shelf in his cabinet and took down two small flat boxes. One of them was labelled, "Left Eyes, Assorted," and the other, "Right Eyes, Assorted."

The doctor opened the boxes, and there, resting on soft beds of tissue paper, were hundreds of left and right eyes. They were of every shape, size and color imaginable, and looked perfectly natural in their upward gaze.

The eye was simply a conco-convex shell, and the doctor explained that the natural working and turning of the artificial eye was not due to any improved mechanism, but simply to the modern method of operating on the genuine eye. Instead of removing the injured eye entirely as formerly only a part was removed and the artificial organ was fitted on the stump, which would continue to move with the muscles.

"Do they ever wear out?"

"Oh yes, that's the beauty of them. The acidity of the tear of the human eye will eat up glass, and it makes them rough and honey-combed like sandstone. They usually last a year and cost $10 apiece. Many wearers buy two or three at a time to have them on hand in case of an accident."

"Can a person cry just as well with the artificial eye?"

"Yes. The trouble is they usually cry a great deal more from the unnatural irritation. The artificial eye is made from a bulb of glass having a slight ovality blown on the end of a rod of glass about the size of a pencil. From the sphere thus blown a segment is flattened out for the iris and pupil. A circular patch of black pigement in the centre forms the pupil. The painting of the iris is done with delicate enamel colors, and then a bulb of clear crystal glass is placed over it. The red veins are traced with fine films of red glass laid on and fused. Probably over 10,000 people in the United States wear artifical eyes."

Dr. William Siemens devised an artificial eye which is sensitive to light and to differences in color, gives signs of fatigue when subjected to prolonged action of light, and regains its strength after resting with closed lid; and, by electromagent attachment, may be made to close itself involuntarily at a vivid flash. Such an eye would be worth having. It is well-known, too, that the vibration of musical tones may by ordinary conducting wires be transmitted and delivered to the ear, and it remains to be seen, says Dr. Siemens whether light vibrations may not be transmitted to the brain in the absence of the natural eye.

### A Song-Bird that Sobs.

A stranger in the little cities of South western Texas is often awakened at early dawn bo the beautiful but sorrowful song of the house, or sobbing, wren. If the stranger has been long away from home and friends, and is particularly sensitive to impressions of external nature, he never forgets the peculiar, melancholy note of this tiny songster. It begin in a high, clear key, like the tingling of silver bells, and descending gradually from one sweet chime to another still sweeter' it suddenly falters, breaks off and sobs like a little child—the song dying away in a gasp. The listener is touched with sympathetic emotion, and may find it exceedingly difficult to suppress the uncomfortable feeling that one of the little ones in his own family circle—far, far away perhaps—is weeping and sobbing for his return! This mournful song is heard only in the twilight of dawn, and is repeated but a few times. After which the singer, with its its plump brown breast, thickly speckled with shreds of black, retires through some crevice in the housetop, and is but rarely seen during the day.

A scientific paper says that if a piece of charcoal be laid upon a burn the pain will subside immediately. By leaving the charcoal upon the wound for an hour it will be cured.

Although New York had more than fifty regiments at Gettysburg, only one has raised a monument on the field, while Massachusetts has already erected twenty-eight, marking the location of as many organizations.

### A Scrap of Carpet History.

In 1735 Englich Axminsters were first made. But it was not until 1749 that a loom was constructed which would produce a Brussels carpet, and just here is an exceedingly interesting anecdote, which has been handed down from father to son as inviolable truth: During 1730 and 1735 John Broom traveled through Tourney and Brussels studying the stitch which was then known as Brussels stitch. In Brussels particularly, weavers were at the time making a carpet named after the town—the Brussels carpet. Broom studied with much earnestness the mystery of the manufacture, and finally made the acquaintance in Tournay of a weaver understanding the secret. He and this weaver immediately repaired to England, and near Mount Skipet, Kidderminster, they put up the first Brussels loom, 1749. They operated in absolute secerecy, but in time their *modus operandi* was exposed. Broom and his Belgian workmen labored night and day, and it being well known where their operations were conducted, some enterprising fellow climbed to the window, and night after night, from this perilous perch outside he studied the operation of the mechanism within, until he was able to carry away in his mind a model of the Brussels loom. Then a second firm and several others soon came into the field, and in 1753 Kidermister was doing considerable in the way of Brussels. To-day there is hardly anything else but Brussels made in Kidderminster.

### Items of Interest.

A chemist has discovered an extract from coal tar 230 times sweeter than sugar.

A Liverpool woman, to relieve her husband who was charged with cutting off the end of her nose, swore that she bit it off herself.

Vegetable life in France is retarded four days for every 400 feet of altitude, and the coming of the chimney swallow is delayed two days.

There is on exhibition in Hamburg the skeleton of a blue whale, mounted in its natural position. It is seventy-five feet long, and this species is the largest mammal on earth.

A revolver in a glass case surrounded by pictures of beasts and surmounted by the motto: "Pay or pray," aids a Nebraska photographer in conducting his business on a cash basis.

Compulsory re-vaccination of the soldiers was established by the German Government eleven years ago, and since then not a single death from smallpox has occurred in the German army.

In China and Japan girls are named after some beautiful natural object, and such names are common as Cherry-flower, Peach-blossom, Plum-blossom, Bamboo-leaf, Pine-woods, etc.

A Jersey City man, who was a drunkard and a sloven, asked to be locked up till after his daughter's funeral, so he shouldn't bring disgrace on the family by his appearance at the scene.

Mexicans have a passion for mirrors, and a traveler says that the interiors of some of the city houses look like steamboat cabins. He remarks, also, that mirrors are among the commonest objects in the pawnshops there.

A man in Richmond, Va., has built a house by the most singular mode of industry For many years past he has picked up from the streets one brick at a time, and a year ago had accumulated a sufficient number of bricks to build him a small house in the suburbs.

Tobacco was at one time successfully grown in Ireland, and a piece of Lurgan twist was for a long while considered to be quite a luxury by lovers of the weed in the Ulster counties. Its growth was interdicted in order that colonial tobacco growers should receive every encouragement.

Among the collection of swords originally the property of the late General Shields is the famous one presented to him by the citizens of South Carolina for distinguished services in the war with Mexico. It is richly chased and is gold mounted. The hilt and scabbard are set with costly stones. The sword is said to have cost $10,000.

The polar bear's foot is unusually long and broad even for a bear's foot, and this peculiarity aids in enabling it to swim so rapidly. But the great foot is of most use in crossing the slippery ice or crusted snow. The under part of the foot is covered with long, soft fur, which answers the double purpose of keeping the foot warm in spite of constant contact with the cold ice, and of preventing slipping.

Pobably no country in the world possesses finer or more durable hard woods than New South Wales. Her pines and cedars, valuable though some of them may be, yield the palm to those of other lands; but her iron-bark and blackbutts rank for durability and strength second to none on the globe. Singulary enough, all the principal hard woods used in the colony are myrtaceous trees—that is, members of the great myrtle family.

One of the boarders in an Augusta, Me., boarding house was annoyed at finding that some one was smoking his favorite meerschaum pipe. So he loaded it carefully with a mixture of powder and tobacco and went to business. When he returned he received an emphatic expression of opinion from an elderly and estimable lady of the family whose face was well swathed in bandages that covered powder marks. As for the pipe it had totally disappeared.


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## DIRECTORY.

*For the convenience of the public, we propose to publish in this column,* IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER *a list of Societies, Clubs and Associations of Deaf-Mutes. Every organization is invited to send its card. Changes will be made as ordered by the Secretaries.*

BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes meets every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock, in the Tuttle Hall, 198 Grand St., Brooklyn, N. Y. The officers of the Society are: Henry L. Jubring, Pres't; Henry Hoevel, First Vice-President; Chas E. Green, Second Vice President; G. L. Reynolds, Secretary; T. J. Godfrey, Treasurer; Robert M. Patterson, Sergeant-at-Arms. Secretary's address is in care of H. L. Jubring, 568 Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CALIFORNIA DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

This association is a branch of the Y. M. C. A., of San Francisco. President, Theo. Grady; Vice-President, Frank B. Shattuck; Corresponding Secretary, Martin Aronsohn, Recording Secretary, Leo C. Williams; Treasurer, Henry J. McCoy. Divine services first and third Sundays, alternate at 11 A.M. Educational classes, Tuesday and Friday evenings, at 8 o'clock. Regular business meetings, first Thursday in each month. Address all communications to Deaf-Mute Branch, Young Men's Christian Association, No. 232 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal. Strangers and mute friends are cordially welcome.

CATHOLIC LITERARY AND BENEVOLENT UNION, OF NEW YORK.

The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union of Deaf-Mutes, meets every Wednesday evening at 8 P.M., in the College Building of St. Francis Xavier, 30 West 16th Street. First and last meetings of the month for members only. Debates every second Wednesday. Lectures every third Wednesday. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general cordially invited. J. Francis O'Brien, President. All communications should be addressed to John Lloyd, Jr., Corresponding Secretary, 320 Broom Street, New York City.

CINCINNATI SOCIETY.

The Cincinnati Anderson Deaf-Mute Society meets at 110, 192 W. Fifth Street, first and third Saturday in each month, at 8:00 P.M. John Hahn, President; Jos. Kelly, Secretary. His address is Buckeye Marble Works, Front Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

CLERC LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Clerc Literary Association, a branch of All Souls' Guild, meets every Thursday evening, at 8 P.M., in the lecture room of the Church of the Covenant, Filbert Street above 17th Street. Lectures every Thursday evening, except 2nd Thursday of each September, 1st Thursday of December and March, and last Thursday of June, which are assigned for quarterly business meetings. Its object shall be the moral and intellectual improvement and social enjoyment of the members. Chas. H. Sharrar is President, and Daniel Paul, Jr., is the Secretary, and the latter's address is No. 1026 East Montgomery Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

DE L'EPEE CATHOLIC DEAF-MUTES' ASSOCIATION, PHILADELPHIA.

Meetings, the first and third Sundays of the month, in the building of La Salle College, 1240 North Broad Street. The object of the Association is the spiritual and temporal welfare of its members. Applications should be made to Mr. Edward J. Carr, President *pro tem.*, 2710 E. Sommer Street, or Rev. E. V. Lebreton, 1240 North Broad Street.

GRANITE STATE DEAF-MUTE MISSION.

The Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission meets every year in different parts of New Hampshire, and elects its officers every other year. The object of the mission is to promote the moral welfare of the mute community in the State. The officers are as follows:—Thomas Brown, President; Almon Smith, Treasurer, and Willie E. White, Secretary.

PAS-A-PAS CLUB, OF CHICAGO.

The Pas-a-Pas Club is an organization of Chicago mutes effected with the object of dispensing intellectual improvement and moral amusement to its members and friends. Its motto is, Pas-a-Pas—"step by step." Regular meetings are held on the first and third Saturday of each month at eight o'clock in the evening, in Ladies' Parlor, third floor, Young Men's Christian Association Building, 148 E. Madison Street. Visitors from out of town are ever welcome. The club is officered as follows: President, Matthew Mullen; Vice President, Edward Kingon; Secretary, Matt Mullen; Treasurer, Jas. K. Watson. Address President or Secretary Pas-a-Pas Club, care Young Men's Christian Association, Chicago.

ST. JOSEPH'S UNION, OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Meets every Tuesday evening at 21 Sidney Place, corner Livingstone St, Brooklyn. Object: mutual aid. J. F Donnelly, President, 56 Raymond St.; Miss A. E. Robins, Secretary, 510 Henry St.

ST. LOUIS DEAF-MUTE CLUB.

The St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club holds its meeting at the St. Louis Young Men's Christian Association, on 11th and Locust Sts. Regular business meeting on the second Saturday in each month, for business only. The purposes of the club are principally of a social nature, but the Literary advancements of St. Louis ladies and gentlemen will not be neglected. Lectures will be addressed by the President from time to time, and all are welcomed on such occasions. Strangers in town are cordially invited to drop in at any time of the day, and make themselves at home. Officers: President, Wm. Stafford; Vice-President, A. H. Kohlmetz; Secretary, D. A. Simpson; Treasurer, A. N. Merrell; Sergeant at-Arms, Henry McCamley. Address President or Secretary, 1427 Carr St., St. Louis, Mo.

THE BAY STATE DEAF-MUTE CHRISTIAN MISSION.

This Mission is for the intellectual, moral, and religious welfare of deaf-mutes in those places where their numbers make it advisable; to encourage the formation of Union Societies, for the mutual benefit of all, in their respective localities; to interest all friends of humanity and Christianity in their behalf; to assist in giving extra services to such local Union Societies, which are in need of more services than they can maintain themselves; to offer an additional or extended help to any independent local society, with their co-operation; to strengthen the ties of Christian and ministerial brotherhood; and to discuss subjects pertaining to sacred ministry. The officers are E. W. Frisbee, President; Wm. Bailey, Treasurer; and A. C. Hargrave and H. P. Chapman, Executive Committee.

THE MANHATTAN LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF NEW YORK CITY.

The Manhattan Literary Association meets every Thursday evening at 8 P.M., in the basement of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, West 18th St., near 5th Avenue. Its regular business meetings are held every first Thursday of each month, debates every second, and lectures every third. It object is to improve the moral, intellectual, and social welfare of its members. All communications relating to the Association should be sent to the Secretary, Chas. J. Le Clercq, No. 336 West 41st Street, New York City.

THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES.

The New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf-Mutes, named in honor of Thomas H. Gallaudet, is now officered by Oscar Kinsman, President; Philo W. Packard, Treasurer; John F. Donnelly, Secretary. State Managers: H. P. Hunt for Maine; W. H. Weeks, New Hampshire W. Deering, Connecticut; F. C. Davis, Massachusetts; A. B. Meacham, Vermont, and Levi A. Lester, Rhode Island. It is to meet in 1886. Address the Secretary, Woonsocket, R. I.

## (DIRECTORY—CONTINUED.)

THE NEW JERSEY DEAF-MUTES LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF NEWARK.

Meets every two week, Thursday evening, at 7:45 sharp, in the Rector Street Chapel, in Rector Street near Park Street. The officers of the Association are: President, Daniel J. Ward; Vice-President, Alfred H. Bousfield; 2d Vice-President, Jacob Gottaheimer; Treasurer, George Kinsey; general Secretary, Robert T. Bailey; Sergeant-at-Arms, Peter Housel. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Robert T. Bailey, 15 Thomas Street, Newark, New Jersey

THE SALEM SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Salem Society of Deaf-Mutes is an unsectarian society, organized in Sept. 23, 1874, and occupies a whole building of four rooms, No. 2 rear of Mansfield Block. Divine services, every Sunday, and prayer meeting, every Friday evenings. The members are at liberty to use it at any time (day or evening) in the week for reading, etc. The officers of the Society for 1886 are: William Bailey, President; P. S. Bowden, Secretary; L. L. Chapman, Treasurer, and Hardy P. Chapman and P. W. Packard, Executive Committee. W. K. Bigelow, I. P. Harris, Geo. Pease, Trustees.

THE TROY LITERARY SOCIETY.

The society holds its meetings every Saturday evening at 7:30 P.M., in the Guild room of St. Paul's Church, cor. 3d and State Streets. Its regular meeting for ladies and gentlemen is every two Saturday evenings. The object is for the moral improvement of its members by lectures, debates and story telling. The officers of the society are William T. Collins, President; Chas A. Smith, Vice-President; M. F. Cheevers, Secretary; James C. Ritter, Treasurer, and H. Brown, Sergeant-at-Arms. It also has a Bible Class at the Guild Room every Sunday at 3 o'clock P.M., under the leadership of its Chairman. All the deaf-mutes and strangers in town and its vicinity are invited to drop in at the Bible Class and regular meetings. The Secretary's address is care of Worsted Boy & Co., West Troy, N. Y.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA DEAF-MUTE PRAYER MEETING OF PITTSBURGH.

The Deaf-Mute Prayer Meeting meets every Thursday evening at 7:30 P.M., in the Young Men's Christian Association, on Sixth Avenue near Wood street. The deaf-mutes also hold Sabbath meetings in the Reformed Presbyterian Church, on 8th street near Duquenna Way St., every Sunday afternoon at two o'clock. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general are cordially invited. All communications relating to the Young Men's Christian Association should be sent to the Committee, H. H. B. McMaster, No. 58 Pride St., Pittsburgh, Pa.


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